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Drawn by Wm. McConnell.

A LONDON SOUP KITCHEN.

THE AFFAIR OF THE RED PORTEFEUILLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A VAURIEN,' ETC.

THE red portefeuille in question was a certain red morocco note-case. How, in the Rue de Jérusalem, it became 'an affair,' was the story its owner told us. And on this wise.

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'It was safe enough,' Dick Langley said, 'in my inner breast-pocket when I left Spa that morning; and it was safe there too when I reached the Nord terminus that evening. But I had not been five minutes in

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my customary quarters at the Grand before I discovered that my note-case was most indubitably—gone—looted quietly, you know. The how was that clean cut through the bottom seam of the pocket; the where must have been in the crowd at the station just now.

‘I don’t profess to be much of a judge of this sort of thing; but it struck me at the time that the fellow who had operated on me must have been about the top of his profession—so scarcely perceptible was the solution of continuity in my garment, so absolutely unconscious had I been of his propinquity. Still, I had lost some fifty thousand francs’ worth of French bank-paper, not one sou whereof was I likely to see again. So that it was with feelings of not wholly unadmired admiration that I was examining the traces of the spoiler’s handiwork when the door opened, and some one came into the room.

‘I looked up, expecting to see Vere Lucingham. Vere was Second Secretary here then; an incorrigible *farceur*, who had, as such, a “difficulty” with some victimized native to settle next day;—which business had brought me up from the Bad. But it was not Vere on whom the door had just closed.

‘It was a slight, wiry little man, with his black hair cut close to his bullet head, with a fallow face shaved blue, and a keen, cool eye that took everything in the room in at a glance, and then rested upon me as though I was precisely the person its owner wished and expected to behold. In fact, I fancied the little man muttered as much to himself.

‘So I asked him pointedly who he was, instead of what he wanted.

“Dard, Agent of the Sûreté,” he answered.

‘I had to ask him what he wanted, then, you know. His reply to this was curious.

“In the name of the law I arrest you,” he said.

“Might I inquire why?” I returned.

“You, Thompsonne, *alias* Walkerre,” the little man pursued. ‘In short, Thompsonne, with an

infinity of *aliases*. Why, for your last *coup* at Spa this morning.’

‘He was perfectly in earnest, I could see; he meant every word he said. I stared at him. His smile was particularly irritating to me in my then state of mind. The window was open; there was the making of a good fall outside. I admit my first impulse was to dispose of my visitor summarily that way.

“C’est pas la peine,” he observed, misreading my eyes; “you would only break your neck.”

‘He was so perfectly cool that I had perforce to get myself in hand again.

“That,” I said to him when I had done it, “is the second mistake you have made, Monsieur—”

“Dard,” he put in.

“Monsieur Dard, since I have had the pleasure of your society. It was *not* myself that I was tempted to toss out of that window. And I am not Thompson—”

“English pickpocket,” this insufferable Monsieur Dard put in here. “Ah! you are not Thompsonne, English pickpocket? Really?”

“Really not. Your last mistake is rather a ghastly one you will find, I shouldn’t wonder.”

“Allons donc!” he responded, shrugging his shoulders.

“My dear Monsieur Dard,” I went on, grinning inwardly now, in spite of my annoyance, and in anticipation of Vere’s entry on the scene, to see how profoundly convinced my interlocutor was that he had arrested his Thompsonne, and how charmingly he mistook my modest assurance for the impudence of that hardened criminal; “my dear Monsieur Dard, it so happens that in a very few minutes I shall be able to produce unimpeachable evidence of my proper identity.”

“Pray do not trouble yourself,” he deprecated ironically.

“I am not going to trouble myself at all,” I said; “my unimpeachable evidence will walk into this room of its own accord in about a quarter of an hour.”

“Aha! And he comes from where, your unimpeachable evidence?”

“From the British Embassy,

my dear Monsieur Dard. You will, I presume, admit, then, your mistake in the ghastly mistake I have ventured to style it? You will? Very good. And as you have only a quarter of an hour to wait before you admit this, and as any *esclandre* would hardly improve matters, do me the favour to sit down, light one of these cigarettes, and relieve my curiosity as to why in your wisdom you have arrested me as Thompson, English pick-pocket, and what, supposing I am Thompson aforesaid, I have been doing at Spa?"

"Monsieur Dard looked at me harder, shrugged his shoulders higher, smiled more insufferably than he had looked, and shrugged, and smiled yet. I had, however, so far impressed him in some way, that when I sat down and lit a little roll of Pheresi tobacco he followed my example. Then he said:

"You were at the Redoute at Spa this morning when play commenced?"

"I admitted I was.

"At the roulette-table in the smaller *salle*?" he continued.

"Excuse me; you are wrong there. It is well known I never touch roulette. I was at the trentet-quarante table."

"At the same table," pursued the impassible Dard, "was standing one Hippolyte Bourdon."

"Who is he?"

"Whom you must have noticed place a red portefeuille——"

"A red portefeuille?" I repeated.

"Containing, it appears, in bank-notes, the sum of——"

"Of fifty-odd thousand francs, I suppose," I muttered, pensive at the recollection of my own vanished paper, the result of that run upon the Rouge that morning.

"No," Monsieur Dard returned sharply, "not quite so much as that. About forty thousand francs. A miscount, no doubt," he added.

"By Jove!" I ejaculated in the vernacular, unheeding my friend's sarcasm. "This is queer. A red portefeuille, you say? Morocco?"

"Your penetration is perfect,"

Monsieur Dard replied, with an ironical bow. "A red morocco portefeuille. Monsieur Bourdon, as you noticed, placed it in the inner breast-pocket of his coat; and——"

"What! The inner breast-pocket, too?" The coincidence was getting more than queer.

"And you," pursued Monsieur Dard, "took advantage of the crowd at the doorway to——"

"And I will be shot, you know, if Monsieur Dard didn't pantomime precisely the manœuvre my *dévaliseur* just now must have employed to cut my red morocco portefeuille out of my inner breast-pocket!

"Go on," I said, astonished.

"What did I do then?"

"You rushed precipitately down the staircase of the Redoute."

"I wanted to catch the train, you know."

"Ca se comprend! You jumped into a *panier* waiting outside, and caused yourself to be driven furiously to the station, where you arrived in time to take a ticket, first-class, to Paris by the 11:37 express."

"I admit all that. Go on."

"In the mean time, though unfortunately too late, Monsieur Bourdon had become aware of his loss. He instantly communicated his suspicions — he had noticed you repeatedly at his elbow—to the Commissaire of Police. Oddly enough," continued Monsieur Dard, his eyes on me more maliciously than ever, "the Commissaire was at that moment engaged with the Sergeant Rokerre—you know the Sergeant Rokerre, without doubt? No? Really? Not the Sergeant Rokerre of your own Sûreté from Scotland-yard? Well, no matter; the Sergeant Rokerre knows you."

"The devil he does!" I interjaculaled.

"Yes. In fact it was precisely one Thompesson, with an infinity of aliases, notorious English pick-pocket, who had brought the Sergeant Rokerre from Bruxelles, where he had lost sight of his man, to Spa, where he expected to find him; and it was precisely this Thompesson that Bourdon described when he

described the individual he believed had robbed him."

"I don't say he didn't," I commented; "I only say he didn't describe me."

"Wait a minute," Monsieur Dard returned. "By means of this description you were traced to the station; by means of it it was ascertained you had taken a ticket for Paris. The Sergent Rokerre then communicated by telegraph with us, and took other precautions in the event of your changing your mind with regard to your destination. However, these proved unnecessary. You arrived in Paris at nine o'clock this evening. Monsieur Thompbonne is too important a personage for us not to possess his *signalement*. That telegraphed to us by the Sergent Rokerre from Spa agreed remarkably with the pen-portrait of the same which I of course consulted when the affair was placed in my hands. So remarkably," concluded Monsieur Dard, "that though the telegrams specified such things as that traveling-dress you wear, as that purple and black plaid, as that peculiarly-fashioned cap, I had need of none of them to feel certain you were the Thompbonne I wanted the instant I came into the room."

"And you feel as certain of it still, Monsieur Dard?"

"Undoubtedly," he said, smiling insufferably. Yet I had reason to know the *Sûreté* could boast of few abler *agents* than this same Dard. I was curious to hear why he was so certain I was his Thompbonne.

"Before I prove to you I am not, prove to me I am," I asked him.

"I will prove that to you in two words," he declared, calmly.

"Well."

"He looked me in the eyes with cool triumph in his own, as he leaned across the table and said—"

"The red portefeuille was distinctly seen in your possession at the station *à bas* at Spa."

"That is very probable," I returned.

"Ah! You admit it? In effect to what good deny it?"

"I don't deny it the least in the world."

"No?" Monsieur Dard replied, rising with that confounded touch of melodrama in his rising that taints all Frenchmen more or less; "no, you do not deny it, and it would be useless if you did, because that same red portefeuille was again seen in your possession at the station here in Paris three-quarters of an hour ago."

"I admit it was in my possession there too, Monsieur Dard."

"Because," he went on, "you have held no communication with any one since, except with me; because, therefore, and in short, that red portefeuille and the forty thousand—"

"Excuse me, *fifty* thousand," I interrupted, spitefully, spoiling his peroration.

"Because," he repeated, "that red portefeuille is—*there!*" and he pointed with unhesitating forefinger straight at that inner breast-pocket of my travelling-jacket, where indeed my red morocco note-case ought to have been.

I could scarcely well help grinning in his sallow, blue-shaven face, at the sell and the swindle that was coming.

"The devil it is!" I replied, turning so as to expose that clean, artistic cut in my garment. "I should be only too glad if you were right about that, at all events. But what do you make of *this*, Monsieur Dard?"

"Monsieur Dard didn't seem to know exactly what to make of it for a minute or two, I thought. Then he smiled that confounded smile of his, and wagged his head, as it were, admiringly."

"It is very clever," he observed, "wonderfully clever. But my dear Monsieur Thompbonne it will not do. Ah, no; it will not do at all!"

"Eventually I gathered that Monsieur Dard's opinion, belief, conviction, was that I had been operating on myself!"

"And to make oneself out so far from the robber as the robbed wouldn't have been such a bad move on the part of the real Thompson, would it? It was a notion, though, which could only enter that individual's head—or Monsieur Dard's;

so that, to Monsieur Dard, I was simply more positively the real Thompson than ever, don't you see?

"But that too clever little man's triumph was of the briefest. The next moment the door opened with a rush, and there entered, perhaps more precipitately than he had intended, an unmistakable subordinate from the Rue de Jérusalem, whom I presumed Monsieur Dard had prudently put on guard outside, followed by some one far more reassuring in the shape of Vere Lucingham.

"Some trouble to get at you, Dick," said Vere, when he perceived me. "Ah! here is Monsieur Dard. Bon jour, Monsieur Dard."

"Notwithstanding its natural imperturbability, the countenance of the agent of the Sûreté betrayed signs of exquisite discomfort at this salutation; for Monsieur Dard knew who Vere was perfectly well. He had taken certain instructions from the Second Secretary in a matter in which the Embassy had just employed him; and the Second Secretary knew me—Thompsonne, with the infinity of *aliases*, notorious British pickpocket, and addressed me familiarly as 'Dick.'

"Diab! diab! diab!" muttered discomfited Monsieur Dard in three different keys. If this were the case, why—. The inference was as obvious as it was unpleasant. I was no more his Thompsonne than he was himself.

"At a sign the subordinate withdrew. Vere seated himself, and looked from one to the other of us.

"Perhaps I'm *de trop*?" he inquired, as if this idea had just struck him. "You've business with Monsieur Dard, Dick?"

"No," I returned, enjoying the spectacle Monsieur Dard presented ineffably; "it's Monsieur Dard who has business with me. Perhaps you can help him to settle it."

"All right. What's the row?"

"Monsieur Dard has done me the honour of arresting me," I explained.

"Ah! what for?"

"Picking pockets at Spa."

"Serve you right, you know."

"And as being one Thompsonne,

with an infinity of *aliases*, who picks pockets generally everywhere. Is it not so, Monsieur Dard?"

"Eh, bien, oui!" that individual rapped out; "for me, I confess, you are Thompsonne. Unless—?" and he glanced interrogatively at Vere. Which *farceur* shook his head dubiously.

"Such," he said, "is human depravity, that, in spite of his ingenious countenance, it's possible he may be Thompsonne. On the neck of my conscience, Dick, I can't say you're not a swell mobman, and have not been picking pockets at Spa."

"Allons done!" muttered Monsieur Dard, impatiently.

"But," continued Vere, "I can say that, except in the legitimate way of whist and billiards, you have never picked mine. And moreover, Monsieur Dard, though you may be right, and society in general wrong, I am bound to add that by society in general, and by myself in particular, this person has hitherto been held to be one Richard Langley, and that, if not honest, he is at least written down honourable in De-brett."

"Diab! diab! diab!" in the three different keys from Monsieur Dard again at this.

"So that," Vere concluded, "before altogether renouncing him, perhaps I had better hear all about it."

"Well, the upshot of it was that we all three beat up the nearest Commissaire; that my identity was duly vouched for, and that it was arranged we should meet the victimised Bourdon, and the English detective Roker, before the same official next day, when matters were partially cleared up. Monsieur Bourdon declared that though I very strongly resembled the individual who had stuck to him so pertinaciously at the roulette-table, yet that to the best of his belief he had never set eyes on me before. And the English detective decided as readily that I was not his man.

"Only you see, sir," Sergeant Roker explained, "you really are so uncommon like the other rascal—that is, I mean, of course, the rascal—that it ain't no wonder we was

put wrong. You had been noticed hurrying off to the station; we thought we was tracking *him* all the while. Our description of him hit you off so well, that we got that information about your grey jacket, and that queer cap you wore, and so on. Then again the description of you we telegraphed here quite fitted with the one they'd got of *him*. Altogether, sir, you see it wern't our fault. Besides, you'd been seen with a red pocket-book down at Spa, and you'd been seen with one at the station here. Which that were a odd start, too, you're having your pocket cut that way, wern't it, sir?"

"I had arrived at that opinion already; but as I had had about enough of this "Comedy of Errors" by this time, I cut Mr. Roker's discourse as the "Chorus" ruthlessly short here.

"Impossible as ever again, Monsieur Dard had played an almost silent part in the last scene. When it was over he saluted us comprehensively, and departed without a word. As his friend and *confrère*, Roker, had remarked, "all things considered," the mistake of the French agent was excusable enough. It was nevertheless, though, a mistake, and it punished Monsieur Dard's infallibility sorely to have to own it was.

"But," he said in the course of a brief conversation we had before I left Paris—"but, *en revanche*, I think I can promise you, Monsieur Langley, the recovery of the money you were robbed of on the night of your arrival."

"You have a clue, then?" I inquired, not over hopefully.

"I have my little theory. If I get *carte blanche* to act upon it I will answer for success this time."

"Very good; but remember, Monsieur Dard, I don't know the number of a single note, to begin with."

"That is of no consequence—you can identify the portefeuille?"

"Of course."

"Well, it is part of my theory that the money is in that portefeuille still, exactly as it was when it was stolen."

"The only thing, then, is to discover the portefeuille, Monsieur Dard?" I laughed.

"Precisely," he responded. "If, as I say, I am allowed to act, I consider that discovery certain. It shall be my *amende honorable*."

"With that Monsieur Dard took his leave. I can't say that he left me with any very abiding hope of getting my note-case again. It was, nevertheless, destined to become "an affair" not yet forgotten at the Préfecture.

"On the Boulevard, three months later, I ran against Vere one afternoon.

"Well, my Thompsonne," said the *farceur*, "and how is business, eh? Faked any more fat note-cases lately? I suppose so, for your old friend Dard was inquiring for you just now."

"What did he want me for?"

"I couldn't gather the precise crime you'd been perpetrating; but he asked so suspiciously when you'd be back that I thought it more leary to answer him vocally out of 'Kathleen Mavourneen'—"

'It mightn't be for years, and it mightn't be for ever.'

at which he seemed annoyed. So at last I proposed for a certain sum down to betray you unto him to-night."

"Don't be a d— fool! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to order a *mirobolant* dinner in here, and that you are to pay for it like a bird. At least I shall think but poorly of you if you don't, when I have told you that—keep cool now—that our Dard has recovered the coin you boned from—I mean the coin that was boned from you, you know."

"Bah!"

"And that your formal identification of your purloined note-case is all that is wanting to put you once more in possession of your ill-gotten gains, when, as a matter of course, you will invite us all to a dancing-supper at Brébant's."

"I may as well add at once that I was eventually let in for this entertainment, and then leave Monsieur Dard to finish the "Affair of

the Red Portefeuille" in his own fashion without further interruption.

"My theory," he said, "was this: Monsieur Langley, not being my Thompsonne, had neither robbed Bourdon nor—as I had given him great credit for doing—himself; but, on the contrary, Monsieur Langley had indubitably been robbed by some one else. Now was it not a thing unnatural, almost impossible, to suppose that on the same day, in precisely the same way as he was being accused of having robbed Bourdon at Spa, Monsieur Langley should be robbed at the Place Roubaix of a similar portefeuille, containing a similarly large amount, by any mere casual cut-purse? To me it seemed so impossible that I rejected the supposition at once. I had, therefore, to conclude that it was no mere casual cut-purse who had robbed Monsieur Langley.

"Who then? Some one who had planned the *coup* at Spa, and followed the red portefeuille in Monsieur Langley's inner breast-pocket to Paris?

"Much more likely. And yet the chance of success was hardly great enough, in proportion to the inevitable risk, to tempt an artist of such force as Monsieur Langley's *dévaliseur* evidently was, to leave securer and more profitable business *là bas*. It is true my Thompsonne, who had imperative reasons for quitting Spa, might have taken this purse also on his way; but I had ascertained that my Thompsonne had not arrived in Paris at all, you see.

"I put this second supposition aside the more readily because of something I remembered suddenly.

"I remembered that that evening there had been at the Paris terminus, waiting the arrival of the express at nine o'clock, a man who, the moment he beheld Monsieur Langley, would be morally certain that in a certain pocket of Monsieur Langley's travelling-coat was a red portefeuille containing some forty thousand francs in bank-notes, who would have special reasons for watching Monsieur Langley closer than anybody else, and who believed

Monsieur Langley to be Thompsonne the pickpocket.

"Remembering this, I quickly saw how this man, with special reasons for watching Monsieur Langley closely, might have noticed him take the portefeuille from his pocket, to get out his keys say; how this man, who believed Monsieur Langley to be Monsieur Thompsonne, might have hardly calculated on being able to rob him with perfect impunity, inasmuch as, on the one hand, even if Thompsonne caught him *in flagrante delicto*, a word from one thief would make the other only too glad to hold his tongue; and, on the other hand, if Thompsonne were not to perceive his loss at the moment, he was to be arrested, so soon as he was domiciled, by me, when, his *dévaliseur* naturally supposed, there was slight chance of my prisoner proclaiming he had been robbed of the most positive proofs of his late operation at Spa.

"In short, I saw in a very brief while how this man might have robbed Monsieur Langley, supposing him to be Thompsonne. The more I reflected on the matter the more certain did I become that this man, and no other, was the actual robber.

"And he was—the *agent* who had been ordered to '*filer*' the supposed Thompsonne on his arrival. The '*faiseur*' of the red portefeuille was this particular *agent*, I was finally convinced, and no one else.

"The conclusion I had arrived at was a very grave one. We are, we must be, invariably above suspicion in our *métier*. But I had arrived at this conclusion deliberately, and I could arrive at this alone. I laid my theory, therefore, before the Chef, and more effectively than I had ventured to hope. After some deliberation the Chef decided that, considering the importance of this matter to ourselves, I should be allowed to clear it up if I could. At the same time the consequences of my failing to do so were plainly intimated to me. But I did not think I should fail. Armed with the Chef's *carte blanche* I lost no time in placing my '*suspect*' under surveillance forthwith.

"His name was Falleix. Cer-

tain protection had procured him admittance into the Brigade, where we knew unusually little of his antecedents; a fact which had no doubt had its influence in deciding the Chef in favour of an investigation.

"In my unavoidable absence, at the last moment, Falleix, to whom all the details of the affair must have been well known, was directed to await the arrival of the supposed Thompsonne by the express at nine o'clock, and in the event of my still not having appeared, to *filer* that individual quietly wherever he might go;—our object being to make the acquaintance of any confederates Thompsonne might have in Paris, you understand. I reached the Gare just as Monsieur Langley was driving away to the Grand Hôtel. Once there, I, as you will doubtless recollect, left Falleix outside the supposed Thompsonne's room, entered it myself, and arrested Monsieur Langley—a deplorable error, for which I have only forgiven myself since yesterday.

"Convinced by Monsieur Lucingham shortly afterwards of this error, you will also recollect I signed to my *aide* that he might withdraw. Which he did in the most tranquil manner possible, carrying off the red portefeuille and the fifty thousand francs of Monsieur Langley with him. When, next day, I informed him of the *fiasco*, and the way in which our supposed *faiseur* had himself been robbed, it pleased Monsieur Falleix to lift his shoulders in his customary silent fashion, and to smile disagreeably in my face. I remembered that smile when the notion that Monsieur Falleix, and none but he, was the robber, began to grow upon me. He had had time to dispose of his plunder, and had evidently so disposed of it as to feel quite safe.

"How? Where? Questions I had to answer, and questions very difficult to answer; for the way in which he had planned and performed this *coup* proved Monsieur Falleix at once to be a person of profound ability, who would never have forgotten to take into his calculations the possibility, at any

rate, of his being suspected and watched as I meant he should be. No; Monsieur Langley's red portefeuille—I was of opinion, by-the-by, that the portefeuille itself had not been destroyed, either because Falleix would consider its destruction immaterial when it was no longer liable to be found in his possession, or because he had had no means of destroying it safely forthwith, and had been too prudent to keep it about him till he should have had these means—Monsieur Langley's portefeuille, I say, and its contents, the proof of Falleix's guilt and the correctness of my theory, were only to be discovered through Falleix's impatience or imprudence. Only this could give me a clue; and this clue my 'suspect,' who now began to live, as it were, under glass—the minutest action, the most trifling incidents of whose life were all henceforth known to me, seemed to have determined I should wait for eternally. The closest watch upon him brought to light—absolutely nothing. My 'suspect' continued to conduct himself in the most unsuspicious manner possible. This I had anticipated; he had taken it for granted he was *surveillé*, of course. But the Chef grew, or appeared to grow, incredulous. I was pushing my theory too far, he said; it was *indigne*, this, *que diable!*

"Was it? Was I mistaken? I did not wonder they thought I was; but I never thought so, somehow, myself. No; Falleix was even stronger than I had imagined; that was all.

"He was poor, miserably poor, amongst us who are not rich. Miserably poor. Yet I could see on his debauchee's face signs of the vices that are costly. Those fifty thousand francs—how could he resist the temptation of them? How could he hold himself back from them any longer? Yet I knew he had not spent a sou; yet I doubted if he had even once allowed himself to ascertain if his treasure was still safe. Marvellous self-denial! What was he waiting for? A pretext to get quit of us, and beyond our reach. Never be-

yond mine, I used sometimes to say to myself, if he went to the end of the world.

"I think he knew this. I think he must have known the incessant, terrible *espionnage* he was subjected to. But he bore it, and so he baffled it; his patience was proof against it, and he made no sign.

"There are those who declared at last that he was innocent. Three months had passed; this was the sole result I had obtained. But my conviction of his guilt was strong as ever.

"However, there must be an end of this, the Chef declared. Falleix must be released from surveillance. As for me, I thought it advisable to anticipate events by tendering my resignation at once.

"The Chef smiled and shook his head.

"Not yet," he said.

"But since it appears that I am wrong?

"Not yet, I tell you. Ah! ça, you do not then understand me?"

"At last I did. The Chef's idea was simple enough. Falleix, he reasoned, has been perfectly aware of the watch we have kept upon him, and so has taken very good care to avoid betraying himself. When he finds he is no longer suspected. And then—well, then, you see, he may be less careful. So I withdraw a useless surveillance, and—I leave the rest to you.

"The next day it was reported at the Préfecture that I had been sent on special service across the Channel. But that day, and every day, in one disguise or another I dogged my man about Paris, patiently, ruthlessly, as a hound follows a trail. In rain, however; in vain always.

"Had he recognized me? I felt sure he had not. Was he really guilty after all? Yes; a thousand times yes. My instinct if not my judgment told me I had not deceived myself. I stuck doggedly to the trail. Admit, though, Messieurs, that this affair was assuming a hopeless aspect. There appeared no limit to the time this game of hide-and-seek between us might last.

"I was thinking so two mornings ago when, once more, my man-chase recommenced. In his usual listless fashion Falleix was strolling along the Quais just sufficiently ahead to be kept well in sight. It seemed everybody's *Dimanche* but his; in his threadbare garments he looked more miserably poverty-stricken than ever then. Surely he must allow himself to draw on the red portefeuille soon I tried to hope.

"All at once his listless mode of progression changed. My *flâneur* began walking like a man with some object in view. I had to shorten the distance between us.

"Across the Place, across the Boulevard, where was he going so straight? To the station in the Rue d'Amsterdam it appeared presently. Tempted by the sunshine, the poor devil wanted to breathe a little country air. Where?

"He waited his turn at the bureau of the St. Germain line. His destination, I concluded, then, was Asnières. The price of a seat on the *impériale* to that favoured locality would hardly be beyond his means. But no. He was going farther—too far, it struck me. He must have been *difficile* about the country air he breathed; for he asked for a ticket for Chatou.

"*Diable!* Why Chatou, when we were so poor that positively our whole available capital could not compass the fare; and but for the compassionate official who consented to accept a little *bon* upon the Préfecture in payment we could never have gone at all? Why Chatou?

"I tried to solve this question on our way down; for, I need hardly tell you, I also had business at Chatou that day.

"Arrived there, Falleix strolled away, listless as ever, from the station, I following. I suppose we had about equally enjoyed the country air for half an hour, when the delusive sunshine faded; it began to rain—to rain in torrents. Impossible to continue strolling about in this deluge. We took shelter in a certain restaurant.

"Positively *ce malheureux* had

no chance. His little holiday was spoiled. Hour after hour passed by; the deluge only increased; he had only to stare blankly at the downpour. He manifested a melancholy resignation—so touching that I caught myself almost pitying him at times.

"Towards dusk, when nothing remained for him but to go home, the rain suddenly ceased. He took immediate advantage of the opportunity of reaching the station with a dry skin. I felt half inclined to let him go in peace. What could I learn by simply dogging him back again?"

"Yet, why had he come here at all? Why here to Chatou in particular? In a moment I had started after him, as this question occurred to me.

"He must have walked fast; he was out of sight. No; I caught a glimpse of him as he turned swiftly off the roadway into the wood. Why, if he were so pressed, that *détour* through the wood?"

"I reached the place where he had disappeared. Screened securely by the bushes, I looked for him. There he was, walking now as though he had just discovered he had plenty of time to reach the station before the coming train.

"Had he suspected me? Or had the momentary chance I had stupidly afforded him enabled him to do what he had come here to do? Had those two or three minutes lost me the whole game? I strained my eyes in the gathering darkness to see.

"And, suddenly, I saw him swing round, and glance sharply about him. And then he seemed to lean against the trunk of a tree beside him while one might count slowly five. And then he lounged on, this *flâneur*, never looking back.

I let him go, now. I waited still where I was till I had heard the train pass, and stop, and start.

"Then in my turn I walked down that pathway, and halted by that tree, and perceived its trunk was hollow. In that hollow, my instinct told me, lay the proof of my little theory. Yet I paused a few seconds before I put in my hand.

"My hand pushed aside the dead leaves and the moss and touched it, and drew it forth;—a small tin box. In this tin box was the red morocco portefeuille of Monsieur Langley, bearing his initials. In the red portefeuille were fifty-one thousand two hundred francs in bank-notes of the Bank of France.

"For more than three months that tin box had lain where I found it; for more than three months my Falleix had baffled us all. But the temptation to assure himself of the safety of his *butin* had in the end proved too strong even for prudence like his. He had come down that day to touch it;—only to touch it while one might have counted slowly five.

"Unfortunately for him it was I who counted.

"I put the notes back into the portefeuille, the portefeuille into the tin box, and the tin box into the hollow trunk again. That night I made my report to the Chef. Yesterday Falleix was brought down to Chatou, and I reproduced tin box, portefeuille, bank-notes, to everybody's satisfaction but his.

"Poor devil! He fainted.

"And that is the end of the Affair of the Red Portefeuille. I trust Monsieur Langley will consider I have made him the *amende honorable* I promised him?"

"Well, you know," Dick concluded, "it wasn't for me to say he hadn't!"

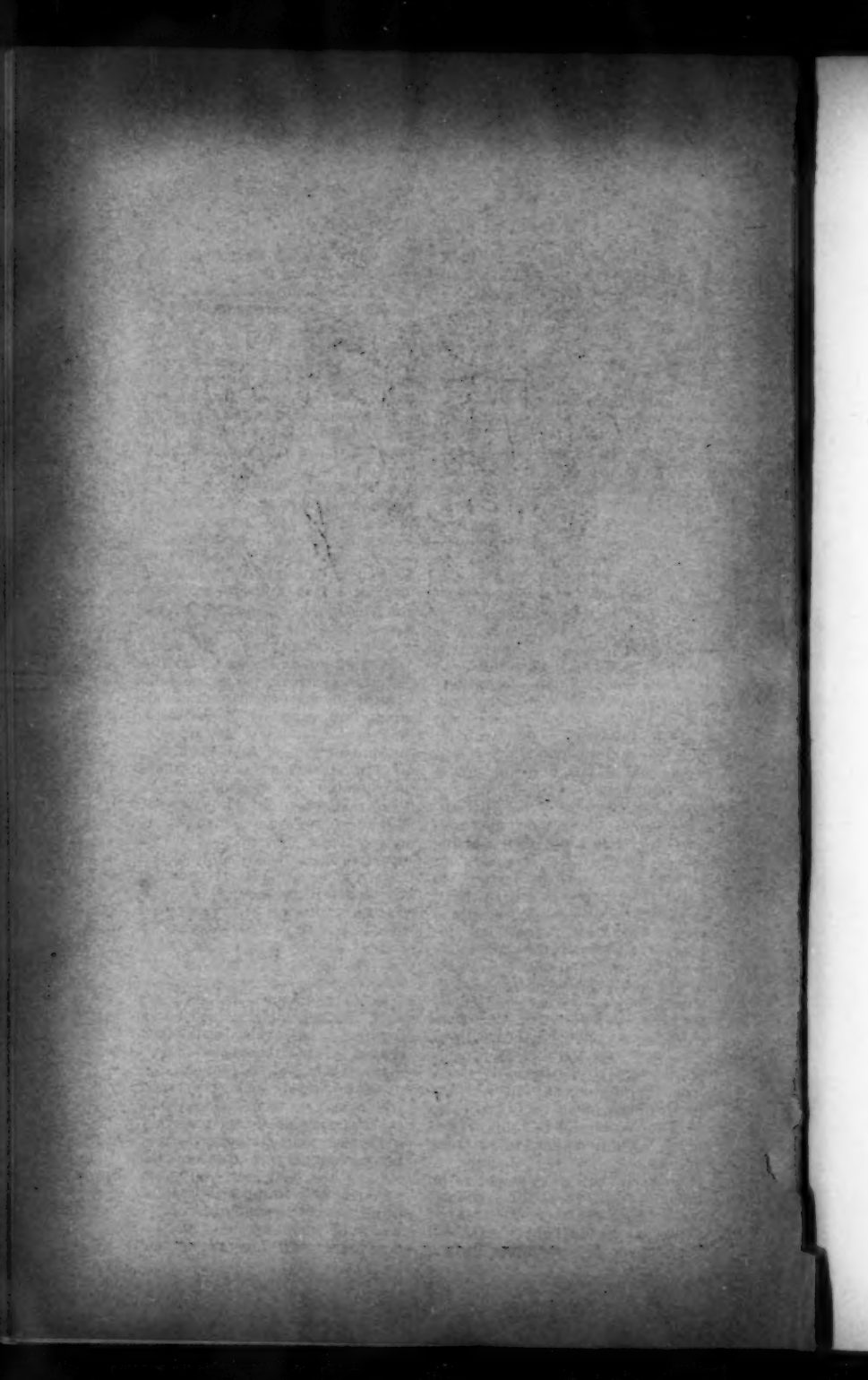




Drawn by A. W. Cooper.]

THE AFFAIR OF THE RED PORTFEUILLE

[See the Story.]



OPPOSITE A CABSTAND.

FOR some little time I have been confined to the house. Instead of going abroad after breakfast, I stay in the dining-room, and I generally manage to limp to the dining-room windows. Now just opposite these windows is a cabstand. I used to think that cabstand a nuisance, but the truth now dawns upon me that there is a compensation in most things. It is only some weeks ago that I was awoke from a slumber, tranquil, but perhaps too deep, through a late supper and potations, with a burning pain in the ball of my great toe, and considerable constitutional disturbance. It so happened that the worthy and rubicund vicar called on me that next morning, accompanied by his churchwarden, hardly less worthy, and a shade more rubicund, on the subject of the parish charities. When I mentioned to them my dolorous state by various gestures and lively expression they testified their sympathy and even their gratification. The reverend and the approximately-reverend gentleman explained to me that I was indubitably suffering from my first attack of gout. They had suffered from it themselves, and welcomed me warmly into their honourable fraternity. The spectacle of an additional sufferer seemed to afford them a deep-seated satisfaction. The family doctor confirmed their unwelcome augury. He knocked off hot suppers and hotter potations, and put me on a light beverage of lithia water and cognac. He also ordered me to take abundant rest, which I do on the armchair, unless I hobble to the window. I am not, I candidly confess, a man of intellectual resources. I rarely look into any books beyond my business book, and, a very little, into a betting-book. The 'Daily Telegraph' kindly manufactures all my opinions for me, and a game of cards is my best enjoyment of an evening. But the D. T. exhausts itself, and I can't very well play at cards in the daylight. So I fall back upon my resources, which

frequently resolve themselves into the cabstand.

When I go and look at them after breakfast, it appears to me that the cabman's lot in life is not an unhappy one. His work is not hard; he lives out in the open air; and though he says he has hardly enough to eat, I am quite sure that he gets a little more than is quite good for him to drink. He can go to sleep comfortably on his box, and if it rains he can get inside the carriage. Sometimes the floor of the cab is extemporized into an *al fresco* dining-table. There is a great deal of horse-play among these fellows. I observe one old man who is in the habit of going contentedly asleep on his box. It is a favourite device for some one to lift up the body of the cab from the ground, shake it, and let it dash upon the earth. One's first notion is that the somnolent driver will have his neck dislocated, or get concussion of the brain, but somehow he seems to hold on. Now this is not at all an uncommon type of cabman—a man of extreme animal nature, whose only notion of enjoyment is to drink and sleep in the sunshine. But there are some sharp fellows among them. There is one man who has often a book with him, who has a very sharp pair of spectacles, and a distinctive nose of his own, and an expression of countenance which shows him to be as acute and cynical as any of his betters. I have no doubt but that man has formed opinions of his own on most subjects of human interest, and could maintain them well in an argument. As a rule, the cabmen are content with their newspaper—many of them, indeed, cannot, or do not care to read—and very rarely you see any of them with a book. On the shady side of the street they often seem to enjoy themselves very much, engaging in chaff or talk, reading the newspaper, and every now and then disappearing into a public, to get a penny glass of the vile stuff which they know as London beer. Still business is busi-

ness, and however grateful may be the charm of leisure, the cabman has a certain sum of money to make up, and he has a quick, alert eye to detect a possible fare in the least roving glance or indecisive movement of a pedestrian.

Standing much, as podagra permits, at my window, I know some of these cabmen very well by sight. Some of them I know personally. If I want a message sent, or a cab for any inmate of the house, I merely beckon or tap the window, and there is a brisk competition. If you want to send a telegraphic message you had better use a cab, as it is much quicker and no dearer than a messenger. I always take first cab, unless the horse is bad or the cab dirty. In an astonishing number of instances the horses *are* bad and the cabs dirty. Every now and then we have paragraphs, and even leaders, in the papers, and I have even seen some prospectuses of limited companies. But the cab mind is slow to move. Only now and then do I see a really superior carriage on the stand. I prefer the carriages that don't ply on Sunday, and I do so because I prefer the man who practically says, 'I myself am something better than my trade; I don't mean to be used up as if I were an animal, but claim rest for mind and body, even though I have to make a sacrifice for it.' That is a sort of manliness to be encouraged. They change the cab horse very often, but not the cabman. Without doubt there is in the world a prevalent feeling in favour of the muscles and bones of horses which does not extend to the muscles and bones of human beings. Now among these cabmen there are some exceedingly pleasant and civil fellows, and a few who are very much the reverse. There is never any close inquiry into the character of these men, and the result undoubtedly is that they number a greater amount of blackguards than any business in London. I remember having to convey a very pretty girl, at a time when my frame was lighter and my heart more susceptible than at present, across one of the parks, and a mile or two in the suburbs. I

asked him the fare, which was a weak-minded thing, as I ought to have known it and have the money in hand. 'The fare is six shillings,' he answered, with intense emphasis on the word fare, as indicating a wide margin of personal dues and expectations. I am ashamed to say that at that verdant time I gave him the six shillings and something over for himself, whereas eighteen pence would have covered his legitimate demand. One of these fellows, in the last Exhibition year, while making an overcharge, caught a Tartar. The fare announced himself as Sir Richard Mayne, and requested to be driven to Scotland Yard. There is one fellow on this stand whom I never employ. When I took him to go to the Great Western Station he made a great overcharge, and then maintained stoutly, until he was nearly black in the face, that I had expressly stipulated with him to drive fast. Such a stipulation would have been abhorrent to all my habits, for I pride myself on always being a quarter of an hour before the time. I acquired this useful habit through a remark of the late Viscount Nelson, who said that being a quarter of an hour beforehand had given all the success which he had obtained in life. I thought this a very easy way of obtaining success in life, and have always made the rule of being a quarter of an hour beforehand, in the remote hope that somehow or other the practice would conduce towards making me a viscount. Up to the present point, however, the desired result has not accrued. With regard to this particular evilly-disposed cabman, I have a theory that he is a ticket-of-leave man. If not so already, he is sure eventually to descend into that order of society.

Cabmen bully ladies dreadfully. A large part of their undue gains is made out of timid women, especially women who have children with them. A lady I know gave a cabman his fare and an extra sixpence. 'Well, mum,' said the ungracious cabman, 'I'll take the money, but I don't thank you for it.' 'You have not got it yet,' said my

friend, alertly withdrawing the money. Impransus Jones did a neat thing the other day. He got into a cab, when after a bit he recollected that he had no money, or chance of borrowing any. He suddenly checked the driver in a great hurry, and said he had dropped a sovereign in the straw. He told the cabman that he would go to a friend's a few doors off and get a light. As he was pretending to do so, the cabman, as Jones had expected, drove rapidly off. Thus the biter is sometimes bit. According to the old Latin saying, not always is the traveller killed by the robber, but sometimes the robber is killed by the traveller. When Jones arrived at Waterloo Bridge the other day, he immediately hailed a cab, albeit in a chronic state of impecuniosity. The cabman munificently paid the toll, and then Jones drove about for many hours to try and borrow a sovereign, the major part of which, when obtained, was transferred to the cabman. There is a clergyman in London who tells a story of a cabman driving him home, and to whom he was about to pay two shillings. He took the coins out of his waistcoat pocket, and then suddenly recollecting the peculiar glitter, he called out, 'Stop, cabman! I've given you two sovereigns by mistake.' 'Then your honour's seen the last of them,' said the cabman, flogging into his horse as fast as he could. Then my friend felt again, and found that he had given to the cabman two bright new farthings, which he had that day received, and was keeping as a curiosity for his children. There is something very irresistible in a cabman's cajolery. 'What's your fare?' I asked a cabman one day. 'Anything your honour pleases,' he answered. 'You rascal. That means, I suppose, your legal fare, and anything over that you can get.' 'No, your honour, I just leave it to you.' 'Very well; then there's a sixpence for you.' 'Ah, but your honour's a gentleman,' pleaded Paddy, and carried off double his proper fare.

A certain amount of adventure and incident happens to cabmen, some glimpses of which I witness

from my window, on the stand. Occasionally a cabman is exposed to a good deal of temptation, and the cabman who hesitates is lost. For instance, if a cabman is hired in the small hours of the morning by disreputable roughs, and told to be in waiting for a time, and these men subsequently make their appearance again, with a heavy sack which obviously contains something valuable, and which might be plate, I think that cabman ought to give information in the proper quarter unless he wishes to make himself an accomplice. There is a distinct branch of the thieving business which is known as lifting portmantaux from the roofs of cabs and carriages, sometimes certainly not without a measure of suspicion against the drivers. A cabman, however, has frequently strict ideas of professional honour, and would as soon think of betraying his hirer, who in dubious cases of course hires at a very handsome rate, as a priest of betraying the security of the confessional or the doctor of the sick chamber. Even cabmen must have severe shocks to their nerves at times. For instance, that cabman who found that he had a carriage full of murdered children; or suppose two gentlemanly-looking men have taken a cab, and the driver finds that one is gone and that the other is plundered and stupefied with chloroform. Very puzzled, too, is the cabman when he stops at an address and finds that his fare, perhaps the impecunious Jones, has bolted *in transitu*, or, if he goes into a city court, has declined to emerge by the way of his original entrance. 'A queer thing this afternoon happened to me, sir,' said a cabman. 'A gentleman told me to follow him along the High Street, Marylebone, and to stop when he stopped. Presently I heard a scream: he had seized hold of a lovely young creature, and was calling out, "So, I have found you at last, madam. Come away with me." She went down on her knees to him, and said, "Have mercy on me, Robert. I can't go home to you." "Stuff and nonsense," he says, and lifts her up

in his arms, as if she had been a baby, and bundles her into the cab. "And what d'ye want with the young woman, I makes bold to ask?" says L. "What's that to you?" he said. "I'm her husband, drive sharp!" I took 'em to a big house in a square, when he gives me half a sovereign, and slams the door in my face. 'I suppose, cabman,' I said, 'you sometimes get queer jobs, following people, and things of that kind?' 'Sometimes, sir, and I know men who have seen much queerer things than I have ever seen, though I've seen a few. When a man's following some one, perhaps a young fellow following a pretty girl, and he doesn't like to be seen. I don't mind the lads being after the girls, that's natural enough, but there are worse things than that in the way of dodgings.' He told me several things that might have figured in a volume of detective experiences. There were some gentlemen, he said, turning to lighter matters, who could make themselves very comfortable for the night in a four-wheeler. There was a gent that was locked out of his own house in the race week, and found several hotels closed, who took his cab for a night, and made himself as comfortable as if he were in his own bed (which I rather doubted), from two in the morning till seven. He charged him two shillings an hour all the same. One night he took a gentleman and a lady to a dinner-party in Russell Square. They forgot to pay him. He waited till they came out at twelve o'clock, and charged them ten shillings. He could carry a powerful lot of luggage on his cab. Had it full inside, and so much luggage that it might have toppled over. Asked him what was the largest number of people he ever carried. He said he had carried seventeen at a go once. He was the last cab at Cremorne once, but the fellow really did it for a lark. He had five or six inside, and a lot of them on the roof, one or two on the box, and one or two on the horse. He might have lost his license, but

he made nearly thirty shillings by it. The longest journey he ever took was when he drove a gentleman down to Brighton in a hansom. He had repeatedly taken them to Epsom and also to Windsor. He did the distance to Brighton in six hours, changing the horse half-way. There was a little bit of romance belonging to the stand, I found out. Did I see the handsome girl who came every now and then to the stand, to the good-looking old fellow in the white hat. He was the proprietor of four cabs, and was always driving one. She stayed at home and took the orders. I found afterwards that she was a very good girl, with a well-known character for her quick tongue and her pretty face. I was assured by an officer that the fair cabness was at a Masonic ball, and a certain young duke picked her out as the nicest girl in the room, and insisted on dancing with her, to the great disgust of his people who were with him. I heard another story of the cabstand which was serio-comic enough, and indicated some curious vagaries of human nature. There was one cabman who had a handsome daughter who had gone wrong, or, at all events, got the credit of it. She used continually to come down to the stand, and give her old father a job. He used to drive her about, dressed as splendidly as he was shabbily, and he would take her money as from any other fare, and expect his tip over and above.

My own notion is, that the scale of cab fares, as settled by law, is too low, and requires some advance. I say this, notwithstanding a cab proprietor has told me that he is quite satisfied with the low fares, as assuring abundant custom. The cabmen do not think that the concession that there should be no six-penny fare for a cab called off the ranks at all meets their claims. But they are by no means the best judges of what is best for them. If they were satisfied with their legal fares many people would take cabs who do not now care to be imposed on or annoyed. I generally give twopence or threepence

on the shilling additional, which I think is fairly their due, but I sometimes get mutterings for not making it more. The cab trade is more and more getting into the hands of a few large proprietors, some of whom have seventy or eighty cabs. The tendency of this must be to improve the cabs. When the cabs make their average profit of ten or twelve shillings a-day, this must be a lucrative business. The driver does well who makes a profit of thirty shillings a-week or a little over. All the responsibility is with the cab proprietor, and he generally keeps a sharp look-out after the men, and will give them uncommonly scanty credit. As a rule, though the rule is often relaxed, they must pay down a stated sum before they are allowed to take out the cab. The sum varies with the season, as also does the number of cabs. There are some hundred cabs less in November than in the height of the season. The hansom business of course forms the aristocracy of the trade. With a good horse, a clean carriage, and a sharp, civil driver, there is nothing more pleasant than bowling along on a good road with a pleasant breeze coursing around. The night-trade is the worst in horses, carriages, men, and remuneration to those con-

cerned. Some of these cab horses were once famous horses in their day, which had their pictures or photographs taken, and won cups at races. There are also decayed drivers, who harmonize sadly and truly with the decayed animals. They say there are one or two men of title in the ranks, and several who have run through good fortunes—men who have come to utter smash in the army or the universities, the number of whom is probably larger than is generally supposed, and come to cab-driving as their ultimate resource, and only more congenial than quill-driving. There is a good deal of interest felt in cabmen by many religious and philanthropic people. Their experience and strong mother wit, their habits of keen observation, and consequently of marvellous acuteness, make them great favourites with those who study the humours of the street. Archbishop Tait, when he was in London, used at times, we believe, to collect as many as he could in some stables at Islington and preach to them. It is easier, however, to get at cabby than to make a durable impression on him. It would help, however, to humanize him if some of us were more humane and considerate towards his 'order.'



DEAR DECEMBER!

(ILLUSTRATED.)

DEAR December! you were with us when we missed her
 From our merry winter circle years ago,
 And a sudden breath of sickness came and kissed her,
 Just a rose on either cheek, as white as snow.
 When she stole away, so ghostlike from the playing
 Of the children, for the truant sun had set
 'Midst the branches, and their melancholy awaying
 Sent a shiver round the home of Colinette!

Dear December! did you find him broken-hearted
 In his little lonely homestead miles away?
 Full of hope? the same he whispered when they parted,
 'Midst the honey and the hyacinths of May?
 Did he tell you he was longing like the swallow
 Just to wing to mother-country once, but yet
 Cruel Fortune led the way and bade him follow
 Ere he crossed the cruel sea for Colinette!

Dear December! welcomed warmly, she was weary,
 When we toasted you with carol and with song,
 As she wandered by the melancholy mere, he
 Sadly wrote of separation! Love! how long?
 Promised manfully his coming in the hay-time,
 Parting nevermore, ah! she should never fret,
 Still she sighed, though daily dreaming of the May time,
 And the winter still was chilling Colinette!

'Dear December! often cruel, we can love you,'
 So she whispered, smiling sweetly through her tears,
 'Neath the bonny boughs of mistletoe above you,
 We can kiss away the sorrow from the years
 We have wept, maybe, when winter waits have woke us,
 But it's rarely on the morrow I forget
 That the death of old December brings the crocus
 And the lilacs and the love of Colinette!

'Dear December! it is kindly thus to chill me,'
 Thus she smiled, for she had scarcely strength to sing,
 'It is better with your kisses thus to kill me
 Than to die in sweet embraces of the Spring.
 It is happier in shadows to be sleeping,
 When the garden path is very wild and wet—
 It is best the snowdrop withered in my keeping,
 And to let the lily long for Colinette!

Dear December! proud and loverlike, he quickened
 For the heart that he had waited for and won,
 Early hope and early laughter, for he sickened
 With the sorrow of that setting of the sun.
 So December is still dear from recollection,
 And the rain is but a symbol of regret,
 But the snowdrops mark for ever the affection
 Which is breath'd above the grave of Colinette!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



Painted by W. H. H. H. H.

Engraved by J. H. H. H. H.

Published by J. H. H. H. H.

DEAR DECEMBER!

(HINTS TO THE READER)

DEAR December! you were with us when we missed her—
 From our merry winter walks, years ago,
 And a smiling levity, a reckless merriment and broad song,
 And a love in earnestness, as with no snow.
 When the skies were, as grasslands from the playing
 Of the children, nor the transient sun had set
 Still the freshness, and their merriment awaying
 Sent a shiver round the home of Collette!

Dear December! did you find him broken-hearted
 In his grave, newly blossomed under snow?
 "Till of him" the same he whispered when they parted
 Under the stars, and the 12 months of May?
 And he will give us now, jumping like the swallows
 With a "Hail" to the late-coming year, and you
 From the north and the west, and with him, to go
 To the land of the living, and the land of the dead!

Dear December! you were with us when we missed her—
 From our merry winter walks, years ago,
 And a smiling levity, a reckless merriment and broad song,
 And a love in earnestness, as with no snow.
 When the skies were, as grasslands from the playing
 Of the children, nor the transient sun had set
 Still the freshness, and their merriment awaying
 Sent a shiver round the home of Collette!

Dear December! often read, we can love you?
 No she whispered, smiling sweetly through her hair,
 "Wash the heavy lengths of months of love you,
 We can love you the sorrow from the years
 We have kept, may be, when winter waits have made us,
 But it's ready in the morning I know,
 That the love of old December wings its wings
 And the love and the love of Collette!

Dear December! 't is kindly then to child me
 You who smiled, and the old strength to sing,
 "It is better with your snow than to fall me
 Than to fly to sweet children of the Spring,
 It is better in winter to be sleeping,
 When the grass is pink is very wild and old
 It is best the snowdrops offered in my keeping,
 And to let the fly long for Collette!"

Dear December! good and lovely, be quickened
 In the heart that he had waited for and won,
 Early love and early laughter, for he knew
 With the sorrow of that setting of the sun.
 So December is still dead from reflection,
 And the sun is but a symbol of signs,
 But the snowdrops mark for ever the affecting
 Which is buried above the grave of Collette!

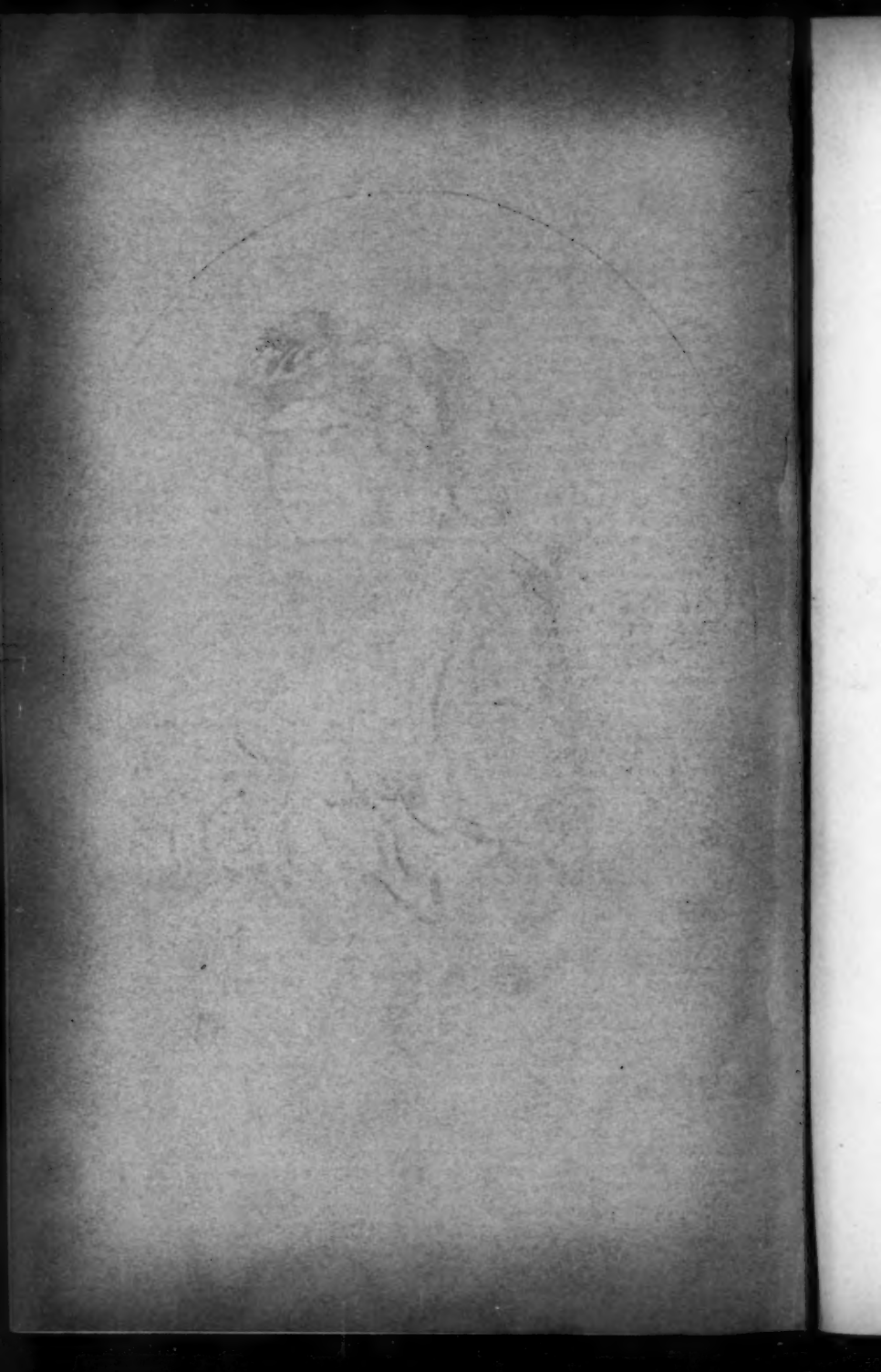
CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



Drawn by B. Eldley.]

DEAR DECEMBER.

[See the Verse.]



THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.*

WHEN the early frosts of morning and evening set in, when the lamplighter begins his cheerful round of illumination at an earlier date, when the poulterers' shops are ablaze with the plumage of game, when all the premonitory signs of the winter season are upon us, then, on the 1st of October, comes a most eventful day to many young hopeful lives. This day it is that the hospital terms begin, and various lecturers come out with their orations, a few of them eloquent, all of them learned, some perhaps too learned for their auditory, and all of them glowingly dilating on the dignity and beneficence of the medical profession, and teeming with exhortations to industry and virtue. The careless, happy boys, who have trooped up from various parts of the country, many of them, as stated on a parliamentary inquiry, grossly ignorant, hear it all, and the words often deepen serious and manly purposes that have been formed. Some have dreams of fame and wealth; some of them are animated with a genuine love of science; some of them think that they may be able to act hereafter almost like a beneficent Providence in the alleviation of suffering and pain. Of course, too, there is the commonplace mob of students, to whom the profession is simply a means of livelihood to be obtained with the minimum expenditure of hard work. Pretty uniformly the session begins well. The students are punctual and attentive. They read up their books. They are busy with their notes. Their evenings are devoted to methodizing and building up the acquirements of the day. After a time there is a lull in their intellectual activity. This, I believe, is the pretty uniform experience of the hospitals. These young men, for the most part in solitary lodgings, after the first flush of energy and enthusiasm has passed by, begin to feel a desire of change, and amusement and companionship. Then

the fast epoch of medical student life sets in, which blunts so many fine intellects and spoils many a promising career. And certainly to many perils are these youths exposed who come up fresh and inexperienced from the country to the dissipation of town. It is impossible not to feel much sympathy for them and to make much allowance; and let me vehemently exhort any friendly reader who knows a Bohemian medical student to make a point of inviting him often to dinner, and letting him have a share in wholesome family influences. This is the best human preservative for young men, and all the kindness that society bestows in this way, will in the long run be returned abundantly to society. It may be here noticed, as an invariable rule, that those who take kindly to their anatomy will do well, while the idle student will neglect or slur over his anatomy. By-and-by we hear of sundry incidents. Such a one has fainted away in the dissecting-room. Such a one is afraid that he has poisoned himself with morbid matter. Such a one has become a dresser or clinical clerk. Such a one has gone altogether to the dogs. Such a one seems already marked out by general opinion for future eminence. At last comes the examination, especially that tremendous *viva voce* examination, when he has to face some of the big wigs of the profession, whose greatness and glory have for years dazzled his eyes. Some are plucked—it is to be feared that many of the best men, through nervousness, get plucked—but the mass pass; yet let me, as an outsider, express my belief that many of those who pass well deserve to be plucked. It is on this point that I deeply feel the uncertainty and rottenness of the medical profession. What can we say of those young men who, without having mastered their profession, by a system of examination-cram manage to make a show of the necessary knowledge, which they as speedily forget, and then go

* A sequel to paper in September Number, 1867.

forth into the world with a license to kill, slay, and destroy. I have heard a saying attributed to the late Sir Astley Cooper, the candid confession that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. I should think that the annual carnage, committed by young practitioners in the course of their experimenting on our vile bodies, must equal a periodical battle of Waterloo. I had a long, confidential talk with a youngish medical practitioner the other day, and I put the question broadly to him, 'What would he do if he came across a medical case which he was not satisfied that he could treat properly, and where the calling in of other help would be a confession of incompetency?' He said very frankly, that, under such circumstances, he should prefer to let the patient die. His professional existence would be at stake, and it would be better that the man's life should go. This sounds horrible enough, but it was all said in most perfect faith.

And now that the medical degree is obtained, the question arises, what is to be done with it. The best start is made when a man has a few good friends and a large family connection. Some men strike out boldly for a West-end practice. But in this case a man's antecedents must have lain in the best society, and he must have excellent connections. It will, moreover, be necessary he should be spending a very considerable outlay for years before he can expect to get a correspondingly large income back again. If he is a poor man he begins in a much humbler way. Perhaps he prescribes for the poor gratis. 'I crept over the backs of the poor into the pockets of the rich,' is the confession of one worthy doctor. Perhaps he becomes a duly qualified assistant somewhere, doing the night work, and the rough work, and the dispensing work. Perhaps, again, he opens an apothecary's shop, and unites the business of a chemist with that of a surgeon or general practitioner. As he gets on, the professional element predominates, and finally he 'sinks the shop,' and becomes the highly-respected medical man of a limited

neighbourhood. It is a somewhat humiliating fact, that, in the east of London, there may be quite as able and gifted men as those who are practising in the west end and attaining to fame and fortune. While all London is running after some celebrated physician, there may be, in some obscure provincial town, or on the outskirts of London, an unknown practitioner who has obtained a rare insight into and mastery over disease. So true is Henry Taylor's now proverbial line, 'The world knows nothing of its greatest men.' Some men make themselves known through the avenue of medical literature, writing and lecturing. This course is commonly watched very critically and cynically by the profession, and is hardly very helpful to the writer, as medical books are chiefly read by medical men, and it is extraordinary how little popular interest is attached to them by general readers. Still this method of gaining publicity must be thought a good one, considering the great space in the 'Times' occupied by advertisements of medical literature. In these works there is a real difference between books written to obtain practice and books that are written out of the fulness of knowledge which long practice confers. The 'Lancet' has asserted that Elliotson, in consequence of the cases he sent them, in one year leaped from five hundred to five thousand a-year. Professor Owen was brought into reputation by his first surgical paper respecting a particular aneurism. It is quite possible that a man, if resting on real ability, and backed by a little luck, may keep his name fully before the public, and work himself into eminence. This is the kind of man, who, if he goes to the seaside, forthwith brings out a work on the climate of the locality, which draws visitors to the watering-place and brings many to himself. As a rule, I believe we may accept the fact, that in the long run, merit works its way, and a man who can produce good work receives good hire. The consulting physician is perhaps the man who has the worst chance, particularly if he is one who relies

on his love of knowledge and disdains all popular arts of acquiring notoriety. One reason is that people have the erroneous impression that he is a much more costly person to deal with than the general practitioners. This, however is, to a very great degree, a mistake. You pay your physician a guinea, or it may even be a half guinea, and there is pretty well an end of the matter. But your general practitioner runs you up bills, and these bills may become as tortuous as any blister or bolus. He may give a general overhaul of the whole family, mentally taxing you at five shillings a-head, which mounts up, and sends out drugs, the selling price of which is, for the most part, all profit.

Inasmuch as these things really are, it cannot be amiss to set them down, though in some respects their recapitulation may be as unpleasant to others as to ourselves. But there is also a vast debt of gratitude due to medical men by society at large, of which no sensible or grateful man will ever be unmindful. We sometimes speak as if the hardworking clergyman was the most meritorious man of the day, visiting the lowliest abodes and combating sin and ignorance in a thousand forms. This may be so, and we should be the last to contest his just claim to the title of beneficence. But we are also sure that the medical man is much more frequent and constant in his ministrations. Most rarely has it happened, within our experience with medical practitioners, that familiarity with suffering has in any degree dulled the edge of sympathy. Considering the illiberal remuneration which a niggard nation gives for their services to the poor, it is wonderful how ample and unremitting is the attention they bestow, showing how they recognize above meaner considerations the paramount claims of duty, benevolence, and their own healing science. How often have the kindly smile, the firm cheery voice, the sympathy and hopefulness of the physician, charmed as an elixir; and often as they pursue their offices

of goodwill and service to men they themselves are suffering from deep anxieties, and perhaps discern symptoms of danger to themselves, which their own knowledge makes them quick to suspect and even exaggerate. I heard the other day an affecting instance of a doctor, whose life would have been saved if he could get one day's perfect rest. He was a man of great eminence, and the demands on his time were proportionally large. He had symptoms of fever then, and if he could, have laid aside for a single day at the outset, it would have saved him. But he could not rest until he was compelled, and then the rest came too late.

And now as our friends enter their profession, let us take a popular view of the aspect which it will bear to them, and it would be very advantageous to us of the public, if we could clearly present this aspect to ourselves. In the first place, far more than with methods of cures, which for many make the sum total of the medical profession, that profession is properly concerned with methods of prevention. The essence of disease is really a disturbance of the laws of health. It is a most limited view of medical science that regards it, as is generally done, as a system of counteractive specifics for the control and eradication of disease. If the average of human life is to be lengthened this must be effected by methods of prevention. In this field the most outer layman can co-operate with the physician. It is wonderful, however, how far removed are the public, even at the present day, from attaining to the most elementary notions on the subject of medicine. In spite of the immense efforts which have been made to popularize rudimentary physiological knowledge, medicine is still considered as a sort of black art, and the medical man is regarded as a domestic pope, whose decrees are to be received with the blind submission of unreasoning faith. And even when men have the sense to know better, they will often refuse to act upon the knowledge. Take, for instance, that painful

disease of gout, which, Sir Thomas Watson says, some people are anxious to have because they think it fashionable! Perhaps they repent when it really comes to them. A Frenchman has thus described it: 'Place your joint in a vice, and screw the vice up until you can endure it no longer. That may represent rheumatism. Then give the instrument another twist, and you will obtain a notion of the gout.' It is said of this disease, that when a man is predisposed to it, it can be brought on by the bite of a flea. And yet gouty people will actually ask doctors to give them plenty of colchicum and cure them of the gout by a particular day, because they want to go out to a good dinner party! Disease is often a battle where everything depends on good generalship on the part of the patient, and where a knowledge of the laws of health, of the necessary condition of atmosphere, temperament, nutrition, is what every one, especially those who are delicate, ought to gain; but, unfortunately, there is never likely to be a time when a most important department of a physician's practice will not lie in the inculcation of simple sanitary truth for a careless and ignorant public.

The inference to be derived from this reasoning, concerning prophylactic uses, as pointed out by Professor Goodair,* is not, as many may suppose, derogatory to the usefulness of medical science, but lies quite another way. 'The more clearly and comprehensively we grasp the conception of disease as being merely a physiological state, so much the more firm and uniform will be our confidence in the efficacy of physiological means for restoring health, and our conviction that these means alone constitute the conditions of relief and recovery from disease.' Because, as he argues, when you give powerful medicine, quinine, strychnine, chloroform, and so on, you are really bringing about powerful physiological results. There are innumerable matters of

practical detail, where a wise and prompt decision is necessary, for which we look to the opinion of a medical man. For instance, a man is taken ill and falls down in the street. It just makes the difference of life or death to him whether he is carried to a hospital on a stretcher or in a cab. The late Sir Emerson Tennent's idea, on which he seems to have acted, was not a bad one: that if you are taken suddenly ill, you had better knock at a door where you see a card and ask for apartments. In multitudes of cases there are an immense number of apparently trivial directions which really make the condition of recovery, and without which the chance of recovery goes by. In this way all the commonplace aphorisms concerning health, and the improvement in this respect which we may expect from the common sense of mankind, will never supersede the need of medical assistance.

The action of foreign substances on healthy and morbid states constitutes therapeutics: the final cause of medicine considered as an art. This is a subject which at the present time is exciting intense attention. Progress in this direction has hitherto been limited, but there is really no limit, and it forms the most glorious chapter in medical history. It would perhaps not be too much to say, that as much progress has been made in this department during the present century as in all the previous eighteen Christian centuries, and as much during the last dozen years as in all the rest of this our century, which has now attained its grand climacteric and is going down hill. We cannot but believe that there are wondrous means of cure provided for all the diseases to which men are subject, but these can be discovered, not by any impulsive plans or empirical treatment, but by the accumulative growths of experiment, knowledge, and philosophy. On this subject; listen to the brilliant burst of prophecy in which, on last 'capping day,' Sir J. Y. Simpson indulged—one who has gone far to accomplish such glowing predictions—but where we feel some difficulty in

* *Anatomical Memoirs of Professor Goodair*, vol. I., p. 346. A work of matchless value and importance.

distinguishing the learned professor's 'earnest' from his 'jest':—It may be, also, that the day will yet come when our patients will be asked to breathe or inspire most of their drugs, instead of swallowing them; or, at least when they will be changed into pleasant beverages instead of disgusting draughts and powders, boluses and pills. But that day of revolution will not, probably, be fully realised till those distant days when physicians—a century or two hence—shall be familiar with the chemistry of most diseases; when they shall know the exact organic poisons that produce them, with all their exact antidotes and eliminatories; when they shall look upon the cure of some maladies as simply a series of chemical problems and formulae; when they shall melt down all calculi, necrosed bones, &c., chemically, and not remove them by surgical operations; when the bleeding in amputations and other wounds shall be stemmed, not by septic ligatures or stupid needles, but by the simple application of haemostatic gases or washes; when the few wounds then required in surgery shall be simply and immediately healed by the first intention; when medical men shall be able to stay the ravages of tubercle—blot out fevers and inflammations—avert and melt down morbid growths—cure cancer—destroy all morbid organic germs and ferments—annul the deadly influences of malaria and contagions, and by these and various other means lengthen out the average duration of human life; when our hygienic condition and laws shall have been changed by state legislation, so as to forbid all communicable diseases from being communicated, and remove all causes of sickness that are removable; when the rapidly-increasing length of human life shall begin to fulfil that ancient prophecy, "The child shall die a hundred years old:" when there shall have been achieved, too, advances in other walks of life far beyond our present state of progress; when houses shall be built, and many other kinds of work performed by machinery, and not by human hands alone; when the crops

in these islands shall be increased five or tenfold, and abundance of human food be provided for our increased population, by our fields being irrigated by that waste organic refuse of our towns, which we now recklessly run off into our rivers and seas; when man shall have invented means for calling down rain at will; when he shall have gained cheaper and better motive power than steam; when he shall travel from continent to continent by subterranean railways or by flying and ballooning in the air.'

It will be interesting to compare with this language that of Mr. Lecky in his recent '*History of European Morals*.' 'Of all the great branches of human knowledge medicine is that in which the accomplished results are most obviously imperfect and provisional, in which the field of unrealized possibilities is most extensive, and from which, if the human mind were directed to it, as it has been during the past century to industrial inventions, the most splendid results might be expected. Our almost absolute ignorance of the causes of some of the most fatal diseases, and the empirical nature of nearly all our best medical treatment, have been often recognized. The medicine of inhalation is still in its infancy, and yet it is by inhalation that Nature produces most of her diseases, and effects most of her cures. The medicinal powers of electricity, which, of all known agencies, bears most resemblance to life, are almost unexplored. The discovery of anesthetics has, in our own day, opened out a field of inestimable importance, and the proved possibility, under certain physical conditions, of governing by external suggestions the whole current of the feelings and emotions, may possibly contribute yet further to the alleviation of sufferings, and perhaps to that Euthanasia which Bacon proposed to physicians as the end of their art. But in the eyes both of the philanthropist and of the philosopher the greatest of all results to be expected in this, or perhaps any other field, are, I conceive, to be looked for in the study of the relations between our physical and our

moral natures. He who raises moral pathology to a science, expounding, systematizing, and applying many fragmentary observations that have been already made, will probably take a place among the master intellects of mankind.*

An address in medicine, delivered last summer in Oxford, by Dr. Gull—than whom at the present time there is no consulting physician in London more popular or more esteemed by his brethren—claims a distinct scientific department for that medical art which is alone learned at the bedside of the sick. A man may have all the scientific knowledge in the world, and yet, from unacquaintance with clinical work, might be totally ignorant of the fundamental department of clinical science. Dr. Gull truly says that the study of disease has to be guarded against assaults on the side of science, and that we 'need to watch lest we betray it by accepting a too chemical or physical limit to our thoughts. . . . A discovery in physics has made us for the moment no more than galvanic batteries, or a discovery in chemistry mere oxidising machines.' When a doctor goes to the bedside of a patient, he has, at least for a time, to leave behind him the large problems of chemistry and physiology, and concentrate his attention on the individual before him, and trace the presence, the causes, and the relations of disease. Dr. Gull argues that the clinical department includes points so various, special, and practical, as to justify the separate and devoted study of it in the light of histology and comparative anatomy and pathology. He has many interesting remarks in his paper. Thus he comments on the rarity of acute disease, except perhaps pneumonia, in contrast with their supposed frequency in former times. Sometimes it is said that the type of disease is changed, but probably the change rather resides in medical notions, and the doctrine of chronicity in all diseased conditions.

Dr. Gull's interesting address forms one of a series of addresses in medicine delivered at the Oxford

meeting of the British Medical Association, and which are now collected into a handsome volume.* They will thus deservedly receive a circulation beyond that of the scientific journals in which they appeared. The opening address by Dr. Acland possesses great literary merit. If Sir Thomas Watson is the Cicero of English medicine, as Dr. Acland aptly termed him when making his Harveian oration, Dr. Acland himself may be regarded as a medical Petronius Arbiter. In his paper he admirably sums up many of the recent triumphs of medicine, the application of optical instruments to organs hitherto inscrutable, the apparatus that registers the wave phenomena of the pulse and heart, and 'the very romance of zoological evolution' revealed by the test tube and the microscope, and the wonderful synthetical character of chemistry which had hitherto been exclusively analytic. 'In the present state of knowledge we are always on the verge of the most amazing results, and we do not know when or where the outcome may be. As in a siege, we advance in a series of zigzags and parallels, and these must be begun at a great distance from the fortress.' The papers of Professors Rolleston and Haughton, which make up a large bulk of the book, are by physiologists who stand outside practice and are discoursing on the 'higher science.' Such papers will impress on the profession and on the public the necessity of deep thought and abstract research in connection with the commonest incidents of illness. Professor Rolleston eloquently says that labour which may seem 'curious and dilettanti, otiose or even disgusting, may turn out ultimately to be essential elements in problems the solution of which promotes directly and greatly the interests of man and the glory of Him to whom nothing is common or unclean.' No paper could be more successful or more meritorious than that of the Rev.

* 'Medicine in Modern Times. Discourses delivered by Dr. Stokes, Dr. Acland, Professor Rolleston, Rev. Professor Haughton, and Dr. Gull, etc.' Macmillan.

* Vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

Professor Haughton 'On the Relations of Food to Work, and its Bearing on Medical Practice in Modern Time.' The highly scientific character of this paper was relieved by a good deal of humour and some happy illustrations. He has the following remark on the doctrine that the blood is the seat of all the chemical changes that develop force in the body: 'Thus the human mind revolves in cycles, and the physicians of the nineteenth century are preparing to sit at the feet of Moses and learn that the blood of an animal really constitutes its life; while South African theologians are disposed to reject his authority because he happened to confound a rodent with a ruminant.' Mr. Haughton has some striking illustrations of illness derived from his explanation of the equivalent amount of work due to animal heat in the body. He takes the terrible instance of typhus fever, that disease of which the cause is unknown, and you can only combat symptoms. 'If you could place your fever patient at the bottom of a mine, twice the depth of the deepest mine in the Duchy of Cornwall, and compel the wretched sufferer to climb its ladders [those fearful ladders which eventually kill off the miner with heart disease] into open air, you would subject him to less torture, from muscular exertion, than that which he undergoes at the hand of nature, as he lies before you, helpless, tossing, and delirious, on his fever couch.' 'The diabetic patient resembles a racing steamboat on the Mississippi whose supply of coals is exhausted, and whose cargo furnishes nothing better than lean pork hams to throw into the furnace to maintain the race. It cannot be wondered at that our poor patient, under such disadvantageous conditions, fails to keep in the front.' There is a ghastly footnote. 'It is startling on making a post-mortem examination of a cholera patient alone, to witness, on the first free incision of the scalpel, the hand of the corpse raised slowly from its side and placed quietly across its breast.' Again, he has some quaint remarks on the supposed uniform

benevolence of all the operations of nature. It is to be recollected that if Nature has her prodigality she has also her law of parsimony—prodigality in her adaptations, parsimony in her structures. Mr. Haughton remarks: 'Before trusting Nature in this matter of cholera and proceeding to help her, it would be well to inquire whether she intends to cure the patient or to put him into his coffin. For myself, I greatly mistrust her, and would wish to ask, previous to assisting her, whether she is really my mother or only my stepmother.' To those who appreciate the intense human and scientific interest that belongs to medicine we cordially recommend this remarkable volume of Oxford addresses.

In all medical publications a considerable portion is devoted to cases. We shall think it right to follow precedent. Our 'cases' are not designed to prove any doctrine, which a single well-observed, well-authenticated case might do, but will take the form of anecdotes, which, if they do not instruct the benevolent reader, may serve the minor purpose of amusing or interesting him. We turn to medical biography. In the course of his long professional career Sir Astley Cooper was at least twice instrumental in discovering murder. The first was a curious case enough. A Mr. Blight, a shipbroker of Deptford, was sitting in his parlour when the door suddenly opened and he saw an arm extended towards him. The hand held a pistol, which was fired at him and he fell wounded, and the wound subsequently proved fatal. The only light he could throw on the matter was that his partner, Mr. Patch, while sitting in the same room a few days before, had heard a gun fired outside, and the ball had entered the shutter. Cooper seated himself in the place where Blight had received the wound, and satisfied himself that to have fired and also to have concealed his body the murderer must have been a left-handed person. He now noticed that Patch, the partner, was a left-handed person, and he became convinced that he was the

murderer. Patch was at liberty after the poor man's death, without any suspicion attaching to him, but on the inquest many damaging facts came out, and he was convicted and executed on the strongest circumstantial evidence. On the second occasion a rich merchant, who was Cooper's own intimate friend, was assassinated. A servant brought the news to Sir Astley in a strange, confused way, and Sir Astley immediately was convinced that this servant was the murderer. The man afterwards cut his throat, but being cured he was fully convicted, and suffered on Pennington Heath, near the scene of the murder. There was a remarkable statement in the man's confession. He said that as he was going up stairs, poker in hand, towards his master's bedroom, he said to himself, 'Nicholson, what are you going to do?' and heard an answer made to him by a voice at his side, 'To murder your master and mistress.' In both these instances Sir Astley said that he could not explain the peculiarity of manner in the criminals which made him form such a rapid and decided opinion of their guilt.

In the life of Cooper we find the best accounts with which we are acquainted of the formidable resurrection men. Many tales of mystery and horror are told of these men, but it is hardly possible that the fictions ever came up to the facts. At the commencement of the session there was no proper provision for procuring anatomical subjects, and if magistrates and the law officers had not winked at violations of the law, the English school of medicine would have sunk below the level of any medical school on the Continent. When Sir Astley Cooper was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, he astonished the legislators by saying, 'There is no person, let his situation in life be what it may, whom if I were disposed to dissect I could not obtain.' This, perhaps quite as much as the murders of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, induced the government to bring forward what was popularly called the 'Anatomy Bill.' Most of the resurrectionists came to bad

ends for other violations of the law. The popular indignation against these men was very great, and several of them were beaten to death. One of them is known to have accumulated six thousand pounds out of his horrible earnings. One of the least horrible of these narratives may be mentioned. A 'subject' was brought to a medical man, as usual, tied up in a sack. The doctor paid some money on account for it, and being in a hurry kicked the parcel in the direction of his dissecting-room. Going up stairs to bed he heard groans in that direction, and going to see, he found a man standing upright with a sack by his side. The fellow, in a supplicating tone, said that a trick had been played on him when he was drunk. The doctor bestowed a further kicking, which sent the 'subject' through the door into the street. On turning the matter over in his mind he was convinced that the resurrectionist was an assumed character, and that a burglary had been intended.

There is a capital story told in the 'Life of Sir Astley Cooper' of Dr. Fordyce. Fordyce was a man of some mark, but every evening after the day's work was done he used to take a good many glasses of wine, and was not only *ebriolus* but *ebrius*, and not only *ebrius* but *ebriosus* (a little drunk, drunker, a drunkard). One night when he was in this customary state he was sent for suddenly to attend a lady of title who was very ill. Dr. Fordyce arrived, sat down, listened to her story, and felt her pulse. The poor doctor found out that he was by no means up to the mark even for feeling a pulse. His brain whirled, he lost his wits, and in a moment of forgetfulness he exclaimed 'Drunk, by Jove!' He managed, however, to write out a mild prescription such as he generally wrote on such occasions. The next morning, the very first thing, he received an imperative message from his noble patient requesting his immediate attendance. Dr. Fordyce felt very unhappy. His patient evidently intended to upbraid him either with an improper prescription or with

his beastly condition. The lady thanked him for his polite compliance with pressing summons, and then proceeded to do a little penitence. She acknowledged his discernment in detecting her unhappy condition the night before, and owned that she was at times addicted to this unfortunate error of drunkenness. She had sent for him at once in order that she might obtain from him a promise that he would keep inviolably secret the sad condition in which he had found her. Old Fordyce listened to her with a countenance as grave as a judge, and said, 'You may depend upon me, madam. I shall be as silent as the grave.'

We must, however, assume a graver air and turn to more professional matters. Some amusing cases might be related of the wonderful manner in which illness is cured by violent emotion, especially gout. Thus the poet Southey tells the case of a Mr. Bradford. 'No persuasions could have induced him to put his feet to the ground or to believe it possible that he could walk. He was sitting with his legs up, in the full costume of that respectable and orthodox disease, when the ceiling, being somewhat old, part of it gave way, and down came a fine nest of rats, old and young together, plump upon him. He had what is called an antipathy to these creatures, and forgetting the gout in the horror which their visitation excited, sprang from his easy chair and fairly ran down stairs.' Cases have been known where persons have been able to jump to the top of a table but have not been able to get off again. Mental shocks, however, are not a kind of galvanism to be much prescribed. If they now and then take away an illness, in many more cases they cause one. Here is a curious case. 'Dr. Latham has told the following circumstance respecting a patient whom he treated for hydrophobia in the Middlesex Hospital. He went one day to the ward, fully expecting to hear that the patient was dead; but he found him sitting up in his bed, quite calm and free from spasms, and he had just drunk a large jug of porter. "Lawk, sir,"

said a nurse that stood by, "what a wonderful cure!" The man himself seemed surprised at the change; but he had no pulse, his surface was cold as marble. In half an hour he sank back and expired.* The operation of cutting a man's throat is by no means so dangerous as might be supposed. In some classes of cases it is almost the only resource, and when taken in time is generally successful. The suffocating man freely breathes through an artificial opening; the blood changes from purple to scarlet; in time the wound heals up and the man is as good a man as ever. Dr. Farre relates the case of a lady treated with mercury. 'Her complexion was compounded of the rose and the violet. Under a course of mercury she was blanched in six weeks as white as a lily.'

Then, again, how humiliating is such a case as Sir Astley Cooper relates of the illness of the Earl of Liverpool. The Prime Minister was struck down by apoplexy while reading a letter from Canning. When he slightly recovered, the Premier exercised his speech by trying to repeat the lines—

'At Dover dwells John Brown, Esquire,
Good Christian French and David Fryer.'

But, alas! he could only do so very imperfectly, and became the subject of epilepsy, of which he died. There are few cases, in a literary and medical point of view, more interesting than the death of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Most readers are familiar with it from the account in the famous biography by Dean Stanley. It is probable that this mysterious disease was *angina pectoris*. It is commented on by Sir Thomas Watson. A very full account is given by Dr. Latham, from Arnold's medical attendant. It has become, in fact, a stock instance in medical literature, and has as strong a moral as a medical interest.

To continue our 'cases.' Then there are some very curious cases of extraordinary acts of swallowing. There was an unfortunate man lately, at Swindon railway station,

* 'Sir Thomas Watson's Lectures,' Lect. XXXIV.

who, in drinking off a glass of beer, swallowed a nail, and perished miserably. I fancy somebody ought to have been hung for gross carelessness in that business. Yet it was possible that the matter might have ended better. There is a perfectly authenticated case of a sailor who, in drunken bravado, swallowed a clasp-knife. Through bets or profers he repeated the trick, and swallowed a dozen at different times. After the thirteenth—an unlucky number—he died. In catching money in the mouth, the coin has sometimes gone down the throat, causing much grief. The well-known case of Brunel will be recollected. That prince of engineers, in showing his children some trick of legerdemain, got a half-sovereign in his throat. The throat was opened, but it could not be found. In a fit of violent coughing it dropped out of his throat, 'just as,' says Sir Thomas Watson, 'a coin may sometimes, by good luck, be shaken out of a box through a slit in the lid.' Another case is given of a shilling getting into the windpipe. Dr. Halford 'directed the porter of the hospital to turn him upside-down in a corner of the surgery, when, after several expectoratory efforts, the shilling rolled out of his mouth.' A well-remembered case, given on the somewhat dubious authority of Mr. Samuel Weller, respecting swallowing, which Mr. Charles Dickens reads with peculiar gusto, might almost be cited as a case in the medical books.

Here is a scrap of intelligence which may give much comfort to smokers. Sir Thomas Watson quotes, with approval, 'an old and intelligent asthmatic,' who writes: 'Smoking, I am able to say, after fifteen years' practice, and suffering as much as mortal can suffer and not die, is the best remedy for asthma, if it can be relieved by expectoration. I have been in the hands of all the doctors of the place for the last fifteen years; and still I say, smoke.' Some additional prescriptions may be cited. Here is one of the pithy kind: a doctor being asked what was good for acute rheumatism, answered, 'Six weeks.'

To put his meaning into a vernacular shape, he meant, 'grin and bear it,' an analogous prescription to 'patience and water gruel.' Dr. Marshall Hall prescribed to a fat old lady, that she should walk to the Serpentine every morning and dip her finger in it. 'Happiness is the best tonic,' is one of his sayings. Comparatively few persons know that the white of egg may prove a very salutary, or that strychnia may be a very safe medicine. It is the great medicine for the nervous system. 'Its least action,' says Dr. Marshall Hall, 'is that of an invaluable spinal tonic. Its mean action is that of an invaluable spinal stimulus, terrific in its effects. Its most violent action is that of the thunderbolt.' Foreign travel was Marshall Hall's very favourite prescription. He was a wonderful old man, learning Greek when he was nearly fifty, and crossing the Atlantic, for the first time, when he was over sixty. His own throat-affection was a very singular one. Here is a quaint anecdote from the interesting biography of Marshall Hall, by his widow. 'Dr. Wilkins lent Dr. Hall a well-known book, "Body and Soul." The book being retained, he sent a note: "Dear Dr. Hall,—Do send back my body and soul: I cannot exist any longer without them." The servant who received the note was able, by pressing the sides, to read it. He was quite horror-stricken, and rushed into the kitchen, saying, "Cook, I can't live any longer with the Doctor!" "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter enough," replied the man; "our master has got Dr. Wilkins's *body and soul*, and I have too much regard for my character to stay where there are such goings on!"' But as we were speaking of prescriptions, we may say that Dr. Skey's prescriptions are of the most cheerful kind with which we are acquainted.* We only trust that they will not become too extensively popular. He is strongly in favour of stimulants, and rejoices that he has more than quadrupled the con-

* 'Hysteria. Treatment of Diseases by Tonic Agency.' By F. C. Skey, F.R.S. 1867.

sumption of wine in his own hospital. He argues that you cannot cure disease with a feeble pulse. Mend the pulse, and Nature will do the rest. Give brandy to a man with a quick, weak pulse, and you do not raise but lower the pulse. He lays down two propositions; (1) that stimulants alone can restore the vital powers under great and sudden prostration; (2) and that then the capacity for stimulants is enormous, and they may be administered in safety almost to any extent.

On every side in medicine we are surrounded with mysteries. We discover isolated facts, which, as it were, furnish us with guesses and glimpses, but beyond these, in the slow state of science, we are unable to advance. For instance, it is a curious fact that, just before and during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, there was a slight but ponderable increase in the weight of the atmosphere. Now this looked as if some heavy gas had been added to the atmosphere. It does not appear, however, that much stress has been laid upon this. The most remarkable fact recently discovered in case of cholera is that by an eminent German, Von Pettenkofer, who seems to have established that a porous subsoil and retreating groundwater are 'factors in the complex constituting an area or arena for cholera.' On a still firmer basis rest the recent discoveries of the relations of soil to consumption. There is another very wonderful theory in connection with cholera and various other diseases. This is connected with the hypothesis, to which Linnaeus gave his sanction, that insect life is the cause of disease. An astonishing field of speculation is here opened up to us. The general course of the reasoning may be easily presented.* We all swallow every day a considerable amount of insect life. It is also certain that a vast amount of animal life exists in the atmosphere, that cannot be detected by the microscope. To suppose otherwise, would be to imply a sudden breach of continuity, such as

* See Sir Henry Hallam's 'Medical Notes and Reflections.'

we nowhere find in the animal being. It is only of late that we have come to understand the infusoria. It is probable, indeed all but certain, that the air is full of clouds and tracts of insect life, impalpable, inaudible, invisible to our grosser senses. This might go far to explain the marvels of spontaneous or equivocal generation. It is conjectured that these animalcules may act as poisons or causes of disease on substances exposed to them. It is a wonderful and not over-pleasant idea, that we are called upon to combat hordes of minute, invisible little beasts. Entozoa are constantly observed in the blood, and it has been even conjectured that tubercular formations are due to them. It is argued that the material of all contagious disease is supplied by matter possessing all the conditions of parasitic life. There are some plausible reasons which might make us attribute cholera to animalcule life. It seems owing to a material, wandering poison, with the faculty of reproduction. On the hypothesis of an animal species, we should have an explanation that, in many curious minute particulars, corresponds both to what we know of insect life and of the phenomena of the disease. It seems to be a well-attested circumstance that cholera sometimes spreads in the face of a prevailing wind. It is an interesting fact that the presence of cholera seems to have a deterring effect upon birds. 'In many respects the erratic and ambiguous course of cholera is well represented by the flight, settlement, and propagation of the insect swarms which inflict blight upon vegetable life.' The proof is altogether incomplete, but it stands scrutiny singularly well.

Again, the following illustration strongly shows the darkness in which we live. The most severe symptoms may denote nothing serious (except that excessive pain is in itself a serious thing), and, on the other hand, the lightest symptoms may point to most serious disease.* For instance, irregularity of the pulse may mean

* 'Of all symptoms pain is the most inconstant and uncertain, whatever be the disease.'—Latham, 'On the Heart.'

everything or it may mean nothing. Moreover, a man may have most serious disease without a single symptom to betray its existence. In what is called 'latent inflammation of the lungs,' without pain, without cough, without difficulty of breathing, without abnormal expectoration, the disease passed through its full course to the ultimate surprise and horror of the physicians. A headache may be a mere trifle, or it may be accompanied with some symptoms that may indicate deadly disease. Unusual cheerfulness, great exhilaration of spirits may be an unfavourable symptom, precursors of an attack of epilepsy. It is quite possible to have a 'sudden seizure' without the patient or his friends being at all aware of it. The late famous preacher, Christopher Benson, became deaf in a single moment. Again, some men are always making astounding physiological discoveries, especially such a man as M. Claude Bernard, who announces that in all healthy persons an active manufacture of sugar is always going on. Every now and then some medical subject turns up in which the general public becomes largely interested. At present the surgical mind is greatly moved on the question whether those unfortunate gentlemen, the Siamese twins, could endure with safety a separation of the ligature that connects them. Mr. Bence Jones has lately written a letter to the 'Times,' on a subject which of late years has emerged into a very high degree of importance. It is now quite possible for boys that are mere children, by getting through competitive examinations on the foundation of public schools, to save their parents many hundred pounds. This unwise system leads to an enormous accretion of youthful misery. We regret that Dr. Bence Jones's letter did not elicit a public discussion that might be fertile in results and stop an injurious system. At the present time the use of carbolic acid is becoming a fashionable remedy. Another instance of the fashion in remedies occurs. Eight or ten years ago there was a great deal written and said in Dublin on the efficacy of

larch bark in chronic bronchitis. Like other members of the same class — the Terebinthines — it doubtless possessed useful astringent property. But somehow it dropped out of practice. It is not to be found in the last edition of the 'Pharmacopœia.' We now perceive that Dr. Greenhow, in his new and most useful work, strongly approves of it.* Dr. Greenhow's remarks on mechanical irritation as a cause of chronic bronchitis show how much, beyond instances of deleterious trades, we suffer from dust, bad air, and gas. Here is a homely prescription which, in our own experience, we know worked wonders in a bad case of bronchitis: the simple device of keeping a kettle of boiling water on the fire, with a spout long enough to throw a constant jet of steam into the room, will suffice to moisten the air. His remarks on the tonic treatment of the disease are very good, and his advice to keep in the fresh air as much as possible, almost comprises, for a bronchial patient, the whole duty of man.

But of all forms of disease, mental disease is the most terrible and also the most fascinating for the student in medicine or psychology. It is commonly stated, but to us the point seems doubtful, that insanity is rapidly increasing in the country. This department of medical literature is now peculiarly rich, but we are not acquainted with any work of deeper interest than the now classical work of Dr. Forbes Winslow. The recent fourth edition, so much enlarged as in some respects to be almost a new work, is now before us.† The great literary charm of this work should not make the general reader insensible to its scientific value. We had marked a variety of passages in this volume for a discussion which we find we must defer for some other opportunity. He lays great stress

* 'On Chronic Bronchitis, &c. Being Clinical Lectures delivered at the Middlesex Hospital.' By E. Headlam Greenhow, M.D. Longmans, 1869.

† 'The Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind.' By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Fourth edition, revised. Churchill.

upon the fact, which is most awful as well as most encouraging, that seventy, if not eighty, per cent. of cases of insanity admit of perfect recovery if treated at an early stage. The logical, the moral, the metaphysical trains of reasoning in this volume are replete with instruction and interest, and, moreover, a whole romance of medicine might be evolved from the numerous striking narratives that he gives. We will only quote one, the rather as two similar instances have come to our personal knowledge. 'A young gentleman having 10,000*l.* undisposed of and unemployed, placed it for business purposes in the hands of his confidential broker. This sum he invested in a stock that had an unexpected, sudden, and enormous rise in value. In a fortunate moment he sold out, and the 10,000*l.* realised 60,000*l.* An account of the successful monetary speculation was transmitted to the fortunate owner of this large sum. The startling intelligence produced a severe shock to the nervous system, and the mind lost its equilibrium. The poor fellow continued in a state of mental alienation for the remainder of his life. His constant occupation, until the day of his death, was playing with his fingers, and continually repeating without intermission, and with great animation and rapidity, the words "Sixty thousand! sixty thousand! sixty thousand!" His mind was wholly absorbed in the one idea, and at this point the intelligence was arrested and came to a full stop.'

And now for a few words on our illustrious patient-man. 'It is a simple matter of fact and of everyday observation that all forms of animal work are the result of the reception and assimilation of a few cubic feet of oxygen, a few ounces of water, of starch, of fat, and of flesh.' In a chemical point of view man may be defined to be something of this sort. That great authority, Professor Huxley, has lately been discussing what he calls 'protoplasm,' or 'the physical basis of life.' He seeks for that community of faculty which exists between the

moisty, rock-encrusting lichen, and the painter, or botanist that studies it; between 'the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins.' Mr. Huxley finds it in the protoplasm, the structural unit of the body, the corpuscle, the epheroidal nucleus, which, in their multiples, make up the body or the plant. But unless his statement is limited and guarded, some colour for materialism may be afforded by it. These make up the body, but, nevertheless, they are not the body. Suppose, to illustrate, we take the letters of the alphabet, *a, b, c, d*, we might similarly argue that because these letters occur in mathematics, metaphysical writings, and in comic songs, there is therefore something essentially mathematical, metaphysical, and comic about these letters. Again, Professor Huxley has not proved, and it is impossible for him to prove, that these protoplasmic may not have essential points of difference. The facts of organic life cannot be interpreted by the ascertained laws of chemistry and physics. Physiologists cannot tell us how it is 'of four cells absolutely identical in organic structure and composition, one will grow into Socrates, another into a toadstool, one into a cockchafer, another into a whale.'

But, as we said before, we are on ground encompassed on every side with clouds and darkness. Our readers will probably remember the very remarkable speculation of Mr. Darwin on the laws of inheritance. 'The great difference between muscular and constitutional vigour, and the further difference between animal vigour, whether muscular or constitutional, and what is called vital force—the two often being inversely developed—are matters of the deepest scientific interest, and fraught with a vast variety of practical consequences. Other subjects might be mooted of the largest possible medical and general interest. But we must now turn away from the fascinations and terrors of such lines of thought, wherein we are reminded so much

* 'Animals and Plants under Domestication.' Vol. ii., p. 78.

of the greatness and the littleness,
the glory and the humiliation, the
incorruptibility and the mortality
of man. It is much as Mr. Swin-
burne has put it in his *Atalanta* in
Calydon,—

‘And the high gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears,
And a measure of silding sand,
From under the feet of the years;

And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above;
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.’

F. A.

ON THE RIVER.

THE drooping willows whisper soft, the rushes murmur low,
The water-lilies white unveil their breasts of gleaming snow;
The kingfisher, a living gem, flits like a meteor by,
The sun goes down, the star of eve upriseth in the sky.

There comes to me a memory, a memory of old,
A tale of youth whose chronicles are ever writ in gold;
A tale of love and summer-time, when roses were in blow,
A tale of bright and happy dreams, a weary while ago.

’Twas in the melting, mellow light of eventide in June—
’Twas when the chestnuts were in flower, the nightingale in tune;
But more than all, ’twas when our hearts had never known a care,
And when the greed of fame, or gold, had never entered there.

Ah, golden hours of indolence! Ah, fleeting hours of bliss!
Unmarked save by the clasp of hands, or by the stolen kiss!
We drifted on the river, carried onward by its flow,
Beneath the bending alder-boughs, a weary while ago.

I dropped the oars—she the rope that held the rudder-band—
Somehow it happened, by-and-by, that hand lay clasped in hand;
And presently entwined were arms, and eye spoke mute to eye,
No sound around to break the charm save when the swans sailed by.

Old am I now, and silver-haired, and life hath lost its zest,
I soon beneath the daisied turf shall lie in dreamless rest:
But whilst I live, and whilst I love, on this fair earth below,
I’ll treasure in my heart of hearts those dreams of—long ago!

A. H. B.



QUESTIONABLE FACES.

MEN, in their own persons, have so little to do with our questions that it would perhaps have been honest to have called this paper, 'Questionable women's faces;' for the first question is whether or not it is well, in any sense, for women to paint their faces in the styles known to certain fashionable circles, and gazed on with bewilderment by outsiders; and the next question is, What is the end aimed at by female fashionables who paint their faces in this year of grace, 1869?

It is certain that women painted their faces a long time ago. The women mentioned in the Old Testament, who painted their faces and stippled the skin at the corners of their eyes, were not good women, or women to be, by any stretch of charity, tolerated. We hear of

'Troy's proud dames, whose garments swept the ground,'

but nowhere are they written of as painting their faces; and Roman matrons were above suspicion of this peculiar adornment. But Evelyn, in his *Diary*, at the date June 11th, 1654, says—'I now observed that the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing;' yet our countrywomen paint their faces, and to an amount which excites astonishment and may lawfully be thought to command inquiry.

People tell us that to paint the skin of the face blue at the corners of the eyes for a small space, shading off in the direction of the ear, gives a languishing softness to the countenance, and that it will make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild, and meek. Are all the ladies, then, who paint in this way constitutionally given to look daggers? And, if so, which is better for mankind in general—that they should scowl by Nature, or soften away all signs of sullenness by Art?

We are also told that darkening the eyelids and the skin under the eyes is an Eastern custom, adding greatly to female beauty, and so to the pleasure of life and the gratification of the lookers-on. But when

it is replied that the ladies spoken of are not domestic characters, nor, in fact, Christians, an answer by acclamation declares that in the question of face-painting there is neither right nor wrong—that it belongs to the inferior considerations of pretty or ugly—and that it cannot be treated on serious grounds. Well, be it so; and when

'Affection, with a sickly men,
Shows on her cheek the roses of eighteen,'

let us only inquire why she does it? She does it unblushingly, as might be expected, but does she do it to command admiration? Of course we speak of the painters of to-day, not of those who belonged to a past generation.

Of those painters of past times the present writer had the honour, about thirty years ago, of dining with one who was supposed to be the last of them. She was then nearer eighty than seventy, and she died full of years and good works, painted to the last.

'And, Betty, give this cheek a little red;
One would not sure look ugly though one's
dead.'

She might have said the words, and probably did in plain prose give some such instruction. Anyhow, what was done was done respectfully. I was young when I saw this venerable—no, I do not think that painted old age can ever be venerable, let me say this variegated old lady; she lived in a great country house, and had a husband and children. She had not changed her style of dress for the evening for many years. She was not eccentric in any other way, and she had undoubtedly been a beauty. She was an active woman, who could walk about briskly with no other help than that of a toy-like gold-headed cane. She wore a flaxen wig with short curls, and two strings of Roman pearls round her head. She had a Roman pearl necklace on her enamelled neck, and her white satin gown was edged round the skirt with a gold fringe. Her whole complexion was exactly the pink and white of a delicately coloured doll,

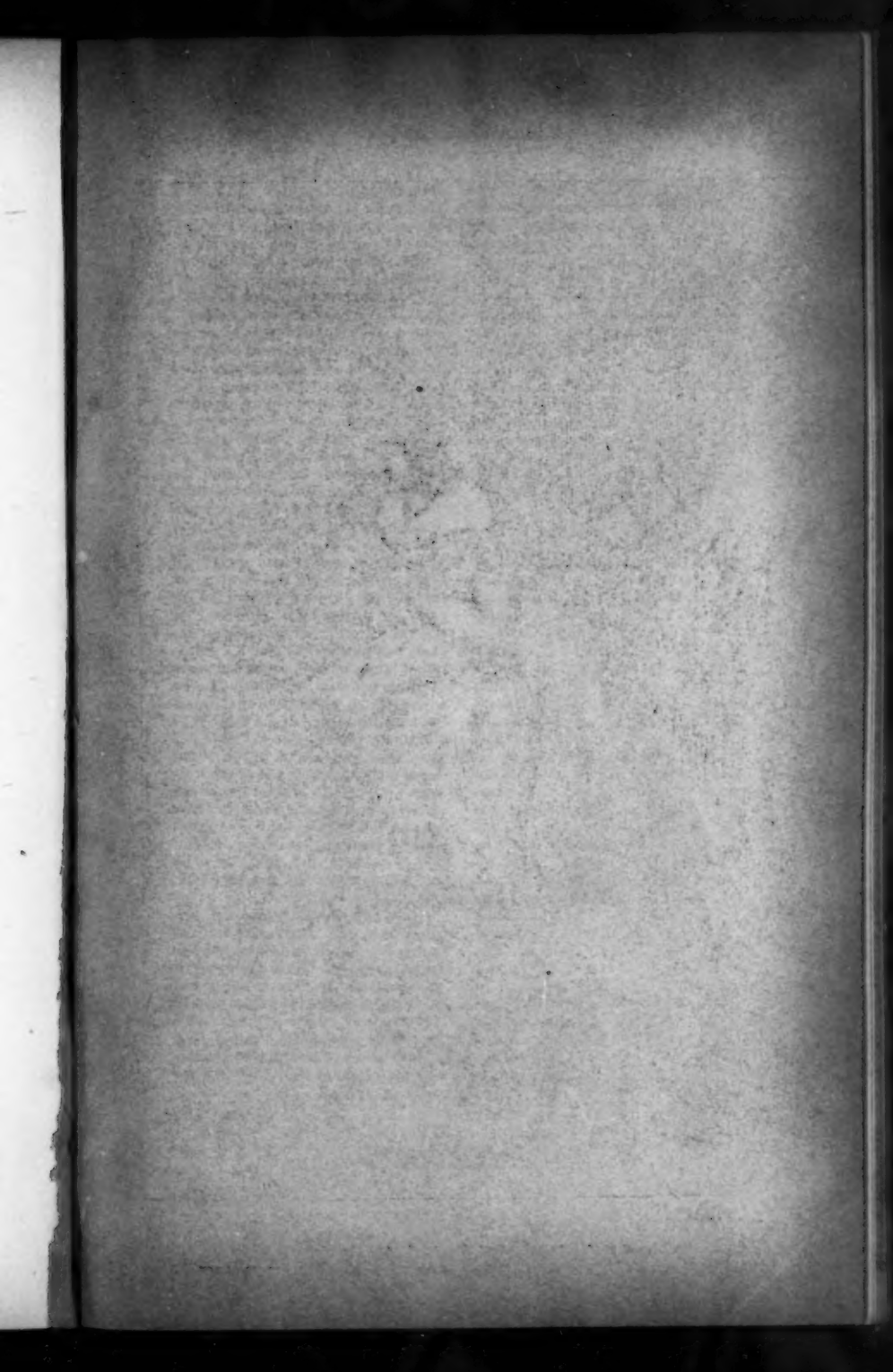
and the only defect was in her eyebrows; they had grown bushy with age, and they had not taken the dye well. She had no objection to talk of herself. She had always painted. She painted white and red to the extreme dinner-party point which was called for by the white satin, but a certain amount of pearl-powder and rouge was as much a part of her dress as her shoes and stockings. She had no idea, neither perhaps had her husband or her children, of the effect she produced upon strangers; she never dined out, and they were a family who did not lead lives very full of human beings: they were certainly not ashamed—on the contrary, I should say they were rather proud of her.

Extraordinary as all this may read, it is the kind of painting most easy to understand. That girls worn out with balls and hot rooms, and too much croquet playing in the summer, and constant excitement of one sort or other, should so far fade as to take to painting, very gently, just to make up for lost charms till they can get back to the country and renovate their natural roses—this can easily be understood, and even pardoned: for as to the face-painting practice, people are, in their opinions, like the faces themselves, of every shade. The practice is dangerous, even when used as a temporary embellishment. Rouge and its accompaniments hurt the skin, and after a time make all natural renovation impossible; still its use can be understood and forgiven, though not recommended. But the high art of blue, brown, and yellow; the get-up of artificial veins and eyes painted into softness, and lids made languishing by the help of bistre and a camel-hair brush—all that is too wonderful—and yet *all that* is on the increase, and there is more painting in London among respectable people than in Paris or Vienna.

The really mystifying fact belonging to this style of painting is, that such persons as devote themselves to it, do not paint to deceive. No one can be in the near neighbourhood of such a face and not know that it is painted. Nobody ever pretends that people are stippled blue by nature. It is not, then, done to deceive, but because, on deliberation, Art is preferred to Nature. Some women would rather be artificial than real. Can there be anything in this world more astonishing? Let the fact be chronicled and kept. Let the deed be considered and pronounced upon. We are not going to say here that the practice is ugly in its results. There is undoubtedly a certain strange sort of beauty in the performance. But is this unreality to be admired and encouraged? If face-painting is on the increase in this country, are we to be glad, or sorry, or indifferent? How can we be indifferent when every hour of every day men and women are forming opinions of each other which are to influence all future life? The subject is so suggestive that questions multiply under our pen. Who are the assisting powers in this great work of face decoration? Can it be true that a fine lady who refuses to acquiesce in the work of her Creator can trust her maid to colour her into something else? We know how the thorough-paced lady's maid enjoys dressing 'her lady'—if it be not too curious an inquiry, Who paints her?

Up to this period it has been supposed that one part of women's rights is to be worshipped. Are the ladies going to exchange worship for wonder? Are they going to prefer being looked at to being loved? These last are the really great questions that belong to our subject. Let ladies who contemplate painting stay their hands till they are honestly answered.







Drawn by R. Newcombe.)

THE ENGAGED RING.

[See the Version.

THE ENGAGED RING.

SHE has come from the brilliant ball: and now
 Alone in her chamber sits.
 Ay, mark how over her smooth white brow
 A sorrowful shadow flits.
 The ring she draws from her finger fair
 Has rendered the bright eye dim—
 'Mid the mirth of the giddy revel there,
 Has she been all true to him?

When he went away to a foreign land
 To toil for her sake alone,
 He placed that ring on her trembling hand
 And murmured—' Mine—mine own !'
 To-night they have pressed that hand in the dance,
 And her eyes begin to swim
 As she reckons up whisper and smile and glance—
 Has she been all true to him?

Was the smile no warmer than sun on snow?
 Was the glance than ice more chill?
 Was the clasp no closer than friends bestow?
 Was the whisper friendship's still?
 She questions her heart in the silent night—
 As her thoughts o'er the ocean skim,
 Like summer birds to her love in flight—
 Has she been all true to him?

Oh, pitiless, mocking, hollow world,
 What else could the poor child do?
 She must keep her love in her mid-heart furled—
 Have a smile and a glance for you!
 Oh, you cannot let her be sad or weep
 Over life and its struggles grim.
 She must laugh with you, when you revel keep,
 Though she be all true to him!

When he went away to a foreign shore
 She was full of hope and cheer.
 But time has flown, he returns no more
 As long year succeeds on year.
 And that little ring is the one sole ray
 In the picture her fancies limn,
 And she asks herself aye, though he's far away,
 Has she been all true to him?

'Tis a tiny link for a trust of might—
 On her eyelash there hangs a tear
 Seems larger by far, and by far more bright
 Than the ring's one brilliant clear!
 Yet though tiny the link 'tis amply strong,
 And her heart is full to the brim
 As she answers herself, ' I have done no wrong—
 I am still all true to him !'

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. IX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

OLD FRIENDS.

GLAD hours in the grave years: ay, well may the specific title of this paper be ranged under this generic. It is when the years have grown grave that we are able to speak of 'old friends:' hence, perhaps, a certain pensive ring in the words. *Old friends*:—leaves yet left upon the thinning tree, changing, but not changing to us; and ah, loosening their hold, one by one, to join the heap at the foot; the dry heap of the once juicy, merry dancers of the Spring. *'Old friends.'* Yes, as it were, the chrysanthemums and asters now in one's garden; the very same roots indeed that used to be snowdrops and crocuses, lilac and laburnum, lilies and roses; the same roots, and still flowering,—but sending up autumn flowers. And a quiet Messenger comes once and again, from the Great House, along the paths, and cuts, one by one, the autumnal blooms that are no longer succeeded by others. *'Old friends.'* As life goes on, and wanes, we find that we have no income of these; that we have been living on our principal: and we wonder if, of the few coins left us, enough will be found to last out our need till the end. *Old friends*: ah, well may we class thoughts of them within our handful of bright, short-lived blossoms. And what more glad time in the grave years than that lit up by the visit of an old friend? Sudden, let it be, or long looked forward to; for each will have its special zest and enjoyment. Soon come, and soon gone, we wistfully think, as we stand on the platform after that last wave of the hand out of the departing train. Soon come, the pleasure we had been so delightedly expecting, but over now;

'For pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.'

And (if your head is beginning to

show something of an Oxford mixture) you go meditatively home, a little dully musing as to when again, if ever, you and your old friend shall sit together by the fireside, and call back, in merry, pensive talk, 'the days that are no more.'

By the fireside: yes; Winter is the time for these dear meetings. Summer for new friends: then you can take them for delightful outings, and give up your time to amusing them:—lay down, indeed, a store of pleasant memories, that shall mellow and put by their coarser parts, their crust of overnewness, and ripen into a pleasant beverage for the yet coming years. But all this was done long ago for the old friends; and, moreover, there is, you are well assured, nowadays no vintage like those of the Summers when you and they were young together. So you need not seek for new amusements, new delights, new experiences: it pleases better to sit by the fireside and hob-a-nob with the old generous liquor, pouring it out ever afresh from those hoarded bottles of the past, pleased to see the beaded bubbles that lightly crown the brimming memories; glass touching glass, as it were, in the reminiscent talk: bottle after bottle opened (this wine of which I speak is of a sort that 'cheers but not inebriates')—now the old fellows laughing till the tears run down their cheeks, now speaking softly, pensively, with even an enjoyment of the beverage that was so rough and austere when new, but that has long ago mellowed and softened. Ah, the present rarely satisfied, when 'the present' it was; the gleeful anticipation of a pleasure, or the pensive and tender reminiscence of it;—these constitute the larger part of our enjoyment. Even sorrows, I say, shared with

old friends long ago, have a halo about them, a mild light around them, a clearness and a sweetness at which it does not occur to us to wonder, it seems so natural,—as we recall, in these quiet talks long years after, those hours, keen then, but softened now, when we were sad together. Immediately after the earthquake the scene was desolate enough, no doubt, and bare; and we shuddered to look at the gaping chasms, the ugly fissures, the rent and naked rocks, the ruined homesteads. But the alleviating years passed on; and now that, brought back by that reminiscient talk, we again stand, amid the desolation mutually witnessed, vividly remembered, what do we see? Oh, the same gaps and clefts and rents are there, no doubt; the same, yes, for ever the same; but yet with a difference. Time, compassionate time, has been at work to veil, if it cannot repair, the devastation, the ruin. A million hoary or golden lichens have spread their gilding or their silvering over the gaunt, bleak stone, until its jagged edge and sharp dagger points, which indeed have in some measure crumbled into bluntness, are scarce regarded under the tapestries of grey and orange; and here again the velvet moss, with its miniature corn-field of slender-stalked, capsuled seedlets; and here again clinging rims, and veins, and tufts, of all tiny ferns; and grand ostrich plumes of these just where the bleakness and blankness most repelled in the new days of the catastrophe: all these have changed the shattered and convulsed landscape into a scene even of beauty. And ferns and lichens fringe the fallen trees, and ivy has cast a screen over the sunken roof-tree and the scarred walls; and out of the fissures smile up the crowding primroses and clumps of grey summer-violets; and long weeping fronds droop down from the edge into the sullen chasms. And you can endure, nay, you even are pleased now, to walk and linger among those spots in the Past, from which you fled long ago with a cry and a shudder. Thus, then, do old sorrows appear to us, when we revisit them with old friends.

‘It is an old friend.’ Is not this phrase potent in kindly defence of many an inanimate thing even, that has become assimilated to us, as it were, and that for long we have been accustomed to count as part of our belongings? So you may get attached to an old garment, and thus plead for it if it be rudely reviled as green and threadbare; or to an old hat, or pair of boots, or pocket-book, or purse, or walking-stick. Indeed for this last I have a special affection. An old walking-stick is peculiarly worthy of the regard due to an old friend. I lay him reluctantly by in the corner; his varnish is all worn off, he is rough with dents and abrasions; more than an inch having been worn off him by constant travel, he no longer suits my height. But he is, as it were, an unwritten diary, the faithful comrade of a year or two of life; he has helped me over many a brook in some pleasant summer walk, he has hooked down for me many a cluster of yellow-brown nuts, or the laden branches of tempting blackberries; on him I leaned when I scaled the lime-stone ridge after a choice fern; often he has complaisantly brought down acorns and beechnuts for my excited little ones; nay, one whole night he hung suspended in a tree, a sacrifice to his zeal in this good-natured catering; and when we repaired in force to the rescue next day, was it not my well-aimed stone that brought him down and re cemented our companionship? Have we not, besides all these minor experiences in common, have we not been for whole long excursions together, climbed hills, descended declivities, with mutual assistance; probed fresh-welling springs, carried knapsacks, in many ways entered with sympathetic zest into all the little episodes of the long walking tour, or the brief afternoon’s ramble? Has not his stout form bent, or even given an ominous crack, as I plied him lever-wise to secure some choice root, or some seaside rarity? And can I forget how gallantly he played about the nose and ears of that infuriate ram which, coming head down at us in that narrow lane, had assuredly

bowled over myself and my other companion like skittles, had a mere cane or umbrella been our sole defensive weapons. And so I really feel that a walking-stick has a special title to the name and the consideration of an old friend.

And to ascend a little in the scale, before our return to human specimens of the genus,—how many a one will recognize a true old friend in some faithful animal that has long shared with him life's vicissitudes and pleasures. The dog that you had with you during your life as a Fellow of a college at Oxford, and that was itself almost considered as one of the Dons; the old friend that came with you moreover into the at first empty, chill, unfamiliar Rectory, and that, among strangers unaccustomed to your ways, seemed an understanding, sympathetic friend, a link also with that different, for-ever vanished, but pleasant and unforgotten past life;—how sorry you are when the eye has grown dim, and the tail languid, and the limbs lazy;—and when at last the time has come when there shall be at your return no bark, subsiding into capering, to greet you;—when the old friend must be laid by.

Though no sportsman myself, I can sympathize with the feelings of a writer from whose musings I cut an extract which pleased me, and which may come in here to conclude this by-play concerning my theme of 'old friends.'

'We shall say "good-bye" to Juno soon; who can doubt it? Put up your face, old girl; yes, there they are, the grey hairs; and the eyes are duller, and the film begins to creep over them. Never mind; you have had several Augusts, and many a September; you have had your ecstasies; you have known for many a year what it is to come on game—to be nearly sure, quite sure;—to stand as though in marble in your trance. And we, looking down on that true old head placed between our knees, see a thousand golden stubble-fields with the sun beating on them; almost smell the turnip which our foot has crushed, the first of all that year; or sit,

fagged at last, on the grey-blue stone amidst the heather, with a fragrance as of honey all round, and a bag of no mean dimensions emptying at our feet. No doubt the days are gone and our old companion will soon follow them, and we shall follow her; but they were glorious days for all that—days to be thought of and talked about.'

When does that time in life come at which we are entitled to talk of 'old friends?' It *seems* to come very soon. If you listen to your son at Harrow, you will find that, however you might feel inclined to deny him the right, he will at any rate exercise the privilege. By the way, how you may notice, even in schoolboy talk, the sacredness, the hallowing power, of this adjective, 'old.' 'Old fellow;' 'old boy:' thus they apostrophize those who are, for the hour, their chief and special chums. And it is not only because we are creatures of habit, and get into the ways of old friends, and get them into our ways,—it is not only this that explains the charm and mellowness which the passing years give to our friendships. It is that a certain process of trial has been passed on both sides. Your friendship (if you have, according to the proverb, summered and wintered it) has been put to the proof—and has stood it. Experiences of joy and grief have cemented it: disagreements and tiffs have proved it, and it was of tougher consistency than to burst, like a gay hubble, at the first rough touch. If there was a cleft for a time, there was in both hearts a hunger, a necessity, that brought you inevitably again together. Or if you held aloof for a while, yet the loss, the grief of estrangement, was never overgrown or overgrown: no fairest new growth ever concealed that ghastly rent: the friendship was too real for the sorrow to be healed. Alas!—

'Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leonine.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining,—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Still wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

The heart's affection had hardened into rock: it was not that crumbling mould which soon becomes a velvet turf again or a terrace of wild-flowers.

'Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him.

'A new friend is as new wine when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.'

There have been many treatises on friendship, but in truth there are few upon the subject vying in excellence with the book from which this stanza is quoted. When a snowball is rolling, it picks up material from whatever track it takes; and so it often is in writing an essay or a sermon. One's ordinary everyday reading falls in with the subject, and unsought material comes to the hand. And so it was with me, reading, with this subject planned upon my desk at home, the first Lesson at Morning Prayers, which happened to be the sixth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. I could not help thinking how wise and subtle were the receipts given therein for the manufacture of old friends, and the detection of the counterfeit of these. As thus:

'Be in peace with many; nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.

'If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him.

'For some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

'And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach.

'Again, some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction.

'But in thy prosperity he will be

as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants.

'If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and will hide himself from thy face.

'Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable.'

Again, what wise rules for the winning and keeping these precious possessions. As thus:

'Be good unto thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability stretch out thy hand and give to him.

'Lose thy money for thy brother and thy friend, and let it not rust under a stone to be lost.'

Once more, what sweetness and wisdom in this advice as to our conduct in the case of misunderstandings with our friend, or even of injuries received from him:

'Admonish a friend, it may be he hath not done it; and if he have done it, that he do it no more.

'Admonish thy friend, it may be he hath not said it; and if he have, that he speak it not again.

'Admonish a friend, for many times it is a slander, and believe not every tale.

'There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?'

Here are maxims and precepts concerning friendship, which ought to be illuminated in scrolls, and set about the study walls of every man who owns a friend. And from no treatise on friendship should they be left out. How many a treatise *has* been written on this subject! How strong and vehement is this feeling in the hearts of some! Thus in one blossom from that loveliest wreath ever laid on a friend's grave:

'For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.'

But Tennyson is for a moment sad, in thinking that that maturity might be wanting to his friendship; that

his friend lived not long enough to become an '*old friend*.'

'Love, then, had hope of richer store:

What end is here to my complaint?

This haunting whisper makes me faint,

'More years had made me love thee more.'"

But the poet bethinks himself, and takes heart again. The snows of Death's winter were alike in hue with the hoar hairs of that of Age. There was no loss.

'But Death returns an answer sweet:

My sudden frost was sudden gain,

And gave all ripeness to the grain,

It might have drawn from after-heat.'

But when, to return whence I set out,—at what point, while friends yet live together, are they entitled to use of each other that adjective of peculiar dearness, and to speak of each other as '*old friends*'? I think it may fairly be allowed to that time of life which comes upon us soon after thirty is left behind, that time of life within the experience, I doubt not, of many of my readers, that time of life when we are not very old, but *old enough to feel that we were once younger*.

Yes, then it is that we find that, as a rule, we have indeed made up our stock of friends: then it is that we feel that now the thing for us is not the manufacture but the preservation of this article. Then it is that we count over our hoards, with something of a miser's care and greed, and are well aware that we have reached the time when losses cannot be replaced. The old trees may fall, one by one; but the gap they leave must remain now; the slight saplings that gathered round them will never supply their place, in our day. It is too late for new friends to ripen into old friends; so, at least, we feel. The *joyous* days of life are gone, however its peaceful days may have come: and no friends that we may gather about us now can ever be the '*friends of our youth*.' The glad experiences have given place to the grave; and what ray can these new-comers reflect upon us from the set sun of that warm and glowing past? There is no rush of old memories, half-exhilarating even the saddest heart, as the familiar step enters the room: there are no old joy-bells instantly set

a-ringing again (however it be faintly and from far) by their look, their voice, their well-remembered ways. They may be friends, true friends, dear friends, valued friends,—but never *old* friends. It is a second marriage; a sedate tranquillity, a very kindly relation, perhaps; a mutual assistance, a humdrum happiness; but, ah! not that old ecstasy, that ever-remembered delirium, that ushered in the first,—the marriage that followed upon first love. The fruit is mature and useful; but we never remember for it a blossom-time. This Autumn has its honour and its meed, but it never knew the delicate and gay gladness of a Spring.

So we look back, as life goes on, very lovingly towards old gleesome experiences and the sharers of them. And each period of life had its friends; some, it is true, were like unset blossoms; they fell away, and nearly the memory of them is lost. Of this class are the friends of childhood, of boyhood also, as a rule. Yet at times the memories of them come vividly, suddenly back: an old name, an old letter, something in our children's simple ways, or idle prattles—and lo, the screen of that long, intervening, eventful past is rolled aside, and we are children again, romping in the hay-fields, racing in the lanes, violet-seeking, garden-digging, boat-sailing, doll-house-making (according to the sex), tossing cowslip-balls, up to our waist in a green ditch, shell-gathering, seaweed spreading: and all with, this week one, that week another familiar and bosom friend. Quarrelling often; forgiving always, and easily appeased; jealous sometimes, huffy, capricious, affectionate, forlorn; little men and women in childhood's little world. Playing at friendship, with a laughable likeness to the '*upgrown*' reality, demure and wayward, exacting or gracious, tiresome or agreeable; much, in our small scale, like grown people. Changing our friends faster than Spring changes its flowers; and so the child passes into the boy at school. And now the friendships become more lasting, like that bloom which sets into small pea-sized atri-

cots in your trees, but which fall off at a touch; from frost perhaps; from exuberance of growth most often. You smile, as you ask the schoolboy, each fresh half-year, who is his 'friend' now? knowing well that the kaleidoscope will likely have had a turn; the same colours, but new arrangements. Yet sometimes the half-year passes into a year; rarely the school-friendship remains constant until the boy has ripened into the youth, and then indeed it is apt to be of the lasting order. Ah! boyhood is the age of confidence, of mysteries, of linked walkings round the playground, mutual arm round mutual neck; of shared 'grub,' sometimes community of property; of solemn private enlargings upon sisters, and parents, and the general wealth and grandeur of respective homes, the time of mutual holiday visits, when white-collared, black-clad, uneasy, preternaturally solemn, the just-arrived 'friend' of whom we have talked so much, sits, uncomfortably upright and silent, on the edge of his chair, in the presence of those sisters of whom he has heard so much; until we, all important, precede him into the garden, and introduce him to that special lop-eared rabbit, and that well-wattled carrier-pigeon, or choice almond-tumbler, of which he had heard once and again at school; and exhibit the new bat, or the bow and arrows which had been our boast; and soon we are at our ease together, and the gay laugh is unthawed, and the starch is soon out of the limbs and of the collar, and the shyness has worn off, and we feel a pride of proprietorship, as our sisters genially laud our wise choice of a friend.

Well, the later school friendships not unfrequently last, and what a zest such early reminiscences give to the flavour of friendship that has lasted into age! Yet assuredly it is very difficult, when we meet as men, to connect the links of our love with those utterly other selves which so long ago were boys together. No; the boy-friendship has little to do really with that of ripened years; you will find that you have, in fact, made a fresh and later start;

you have lost most of the associations, most of the ties, which belonged to your friendship as boys. You do not often talk of the old school-days, the old school-adventures, when your friendship has lasted on steadily, or with only a short break, into manhood. If after many years you meet the friend from whom you parted as a school-boy the case is different. There has been no gradual fading out of the distant into the near days; you take up your friendship at that very link where it was abruptly severed; you plunge naturally and with zest into that old, old past of school.

But the boy will often have his idol rather than his friend; his Admirable Crichton, his Steerforth, older than he, cleverer than he, fanning by his condescension the reverent admiration into a fervent love. Have we not all had such heroes for our worship? It is in the nature of us from the earliest to look higher than ourselves for props to which the abundant and yearning tendrils of our hearts may be fast bound.—Ah, where is my boyhood's hero now? How honoured I was by his friendship, how flushed by his praise, how deferential to his injunctions, how flattered by his confidences! Do I not still prize, for his bright and handsome sake, the Shakespeare that he gave me, nobly bound, the pride of my shelves, above most other volumes in my library? Is it not one of the first to which I would fly in the case of fire menacing that store of treasures? Do I not see him now, often, before me; the clear blue eye, the noble brow, with the brown hair tossed off it now and then with that remembered turn of the head, the handsome features, the merry laugh? Do I not feel his hand even now, passed lightly through my curls; do I not introduce him at home, where he is at his ease, naturalised, loved, at once, and glow with a happy pride at being his friend? Does not my heart swell as he leans his arm upon my shoulder, as we pace the sinuous garden-walk, and he is deigning to talk to me as an equal! ay, even to make me a confidant in that matter of his love to

C. H.? Unrequited love;—I can hardly conceive of such a thing; true, she is my ideal of female loveliness, as he of manly perfection; still, would not even an Empress be honoured, exalted, by his love? O the devotion on one side, answered by sincere affection on the other, of such a friendship as this, which indeed most of us can number among the experiences of our youth. But the years passed by, and where is my old friend now? Alas, a gap of years came in our society;—and he grew wild, they said, and his gay ways had grown into deep debts at Oxford, and it was thought well for him to try life over the far seas; and many years have gone, and I dare say I should hardly know him if we met, and he has not answered my letters—plumb-lines sent out to fathom the deep distance. But it was the same handsome face when last I saw him, and I have in my library his Shakespeare, and in my drawer his few letters, and in my heart until I die the dear and faithful remembrance of my loved old friend. Ah, what opportunities, let me say, lie in such compacts between worship and sincere affection, for good or evil influence on the part of the elder friend! Use your power mercifully, wisely, purely, holily, I would say to such a one. For it is almost boundless.

College friends! Ay, here we come to the true nursery of the trees under whose pleasant spreading shade our mature life may dwell. For this is equal friendship—friendship also that begins at an age near enough to manhood for it to look on, unaltered in kind, though increasing in degree, into our mellowing years. This is the material also out of which brothers-in-law are fashioned. And oh, what friendships like these, for delicious memories, from the blithest, sweetest, least care-harassed years of brief life? The new dignity of proprietorship in 'rooms' of our own; the new importance of acting the host, and calling into our little castle those whom it pleased us to ask; the cosy evenings by the fire; reading together, or warm in debate, or merry in a select circle; the walks

by the Cherwell and Isis through the sweet-breathed fritillary-studded meadows; the thud of mutual oars, the shared honours on the tented field; the glad advent, after we had waited for that anxious hour, of some old fellow with the testamur; the long vacation visits; the hearty greeting, as we step into the Quad at the beginning of term, and come upon three broad-chested fellows arm in arm striding towards the gate; the genial supper that evening together in one of their rooms, sparkling silver, red-clawed lobsters, pink ham, trembling jellies; the spread-eagle next morning at our breakfast of four (the stereotyped viands, you will perceive, are intimately associated with those old days); the gathering in Chapel, the familiar thunder of the rising in Hall; the knots about the Quad afterwards; the greetings, the filing away presently, some two or three, for a glass of wine in some fellow's room who has just come up; one's own dear cozy little den, with the nucleus of books and prints; the tap when your egg is boiled and breakfast proceeding, and the entrance of that man who *will* have his pipe after breakfast, and who resumes his plan of finishing it at his length in your easy chair; the criticisms on the Freshmen; the notes compared on Tennyson's new poem; the chat like no other chat, the days like no other days, the friends like no other friends—always a very tonic to our flagged spirits when we meet them in later years:—ah, these old memories bind us for ever to those old friends! And I look up as I write, and lo, the faces of some half-dozen greet me from my wall; and in their centre is the old Hall of Magdalen, and my rooms (I seem to be resting on my elbow, looking out of that window now); and the rooms of my brother-in-law (as I look, I am straightway reclining on his chair, while he gravely bows towards his pianoforte, and, himself a master, expresses the masterpieces of music); there is the Hall, and there the kitchen, and there the very chrysanthemums, and the quick-growing, short-lived creeper; and ah,

there the door leading to my staircase; how often has my light foot sprung up it, bound for my own or for some congenial room: and there is the tall tower of New, with its grave, familiar chiming of the hours. Ah, how easily I can people it all, and summon back the past, that yet has cast me off,—and I should be a stranger now in the old Hall, on the old staircase, in the old rooms. —But not, not to the old friends; their possession lasts on, is inalienable; always a letter from one of them is a pleasure, a visit from one a rapture, and as life steals on, and hoar hairs gather, these are always, and to the last, our ideal of *old friends*.

And when now indeed life has long passed on from the waxing to the waning time, how then we retire, as it were, upon our hoarding of old friends. The young ones spring up about us, we have a kindly heart, a cheery word, a pleasant smile for them; nay, often a deep devotion, a wistful love which they (how life changes round!) accept with condescension, and repay with mild affection. But the old friends, yes, the old friends;—it is our gala day when these come to see us. The young people have grown too fast for us; our past, our ever dear past, is as nothing to them; they do not understand us; they condescend towards us,—they patronize us. We turn from them relieved, to a fuller sympathy, to mutual tastes, mutual memories, mutual opinions and prejudices and likings. We do not refuse to go with the stream, but oh, it is pleasant sometimes to dip our oar, and draw into the bank, for a quiet talk with one of those who have peopled our remembered, vanished past. Our Past of fresh energies, and quick emotions, and undimmed gladness: our Past of new trust, and unblunted hope, and unworn faith, and first-tasted love. Our Past of mutual adventures, mutual interests, mutual laughter, mutual tears.—Let me remember a scene, which may well come in here, a scene at which I was an appreciative spectator. It was the birthday, the seventieth birthday, of one infinitely loved and revered by me; and we, as was our custom

always on his birthday, we, the younger ones, were met to celebrate it. Unexpectedly, on a sudden, just before dinner, there walked into the drawing-room two of his very oldest friends, brothers-in-law. It was pleasant to see his face brighten as he realized their having come to join the party; and the caskets of old memories were unlocked, you may be sure, as the evening wore on. But the turkey had been removed, and the plum-pudding discussed, and the plump oranges and the shrivelled figs and raisins had the table to themselves, and the wine passed round for the toast of the evening. Then it was that the elder of the brothers arose, and mysteriously extracted from his pocket, and unfolded, a yellow, ancient-looking document, scored with rusty-brown writing. Fifty years ago it had been written, fifty years ago, when their hair had no white streak in it, when life, now nearing its ending, had hardly seemed to have well begun. Fifty years ago, in the merry days when they were young men together, and had met, even as now, on the birthday of the host, to celebrate his coming of age. And these were verses written in honour of that event by the present speaker and proposer of the toast. They had been read then, and sung then, in merriment and glee;—then they were laid by,—and a gap of fifty years had opened between that day and this; and many a sorrow and many a gladness had marked the chequered days; and now the old friends were met together, and the writer of the verses in honour of the twenty-first was reading them at the seventieth birthday. A simple episode to dwell upon so long; but dwell upon it yet longer, and see what food for thought, pathetic thought, melancholy thought, quiet thought, peaceful thought, might be extracted from this simple incident. Such old memories to come thronging back, across the chasm of years; such wistful-eyed, such glad-eyed, such mournful-eyed ghosts. The year in its Spring then, and all the leaves and all the blossoms and all the birds coming; the year in its late Autumn

now; and so many of the leaves circled down, and so many of the flowers gone, and so many of the birds silent. But the touch of sadness which it brought over us for the moment soon passed in the sparkle of merry memories which the elders interchanged, and to which the younger listened.

Shall I say any more yet about old friends? One word. For there are some who may not now join in our gatherings here; there are some whose familiar step must never on this earth make glad our hearts again;—and yet one word should be given, as so many thoughts are by us all devoted, to old friends gone before—old friends in the churchyard; old friends in Paradise. Sometimes we wend our way, over the crisp Autumn leaves, across the dew-drenched grass,—and hold, as it were, quiet communion with them in the place in which alone now we seem to retain a portion in their old society. The dear sister whom we watched so long, as she faded away from this dying life; the brave bright man with his grand presence and his sunny smile who was struck down in a few days; the sweet mother who left us long ago; the old man who was our father's guardian before us, and our kind Mentor in

early years,—these are still friends, old friends; death has rather sealed than severed our love. We love to haunt the place where last we laid them,—oftener to look up, and wonder about them, still at our toil:

'And in the furrow musing stand,
'Does my old friend remember me?'

Where are they? What know they? Where is that Unseen Land in which they wait that not-yet-attained perfection of both body and soul in which we shall one day see them, and clasp them, as we did, yet not as we did, when we walked in sweet fellowship on earth? We shall see them again. Meanwhile, we keep the old friendship ever faithful, ever fervent, in our heart. '*How they'll greet us!*'—we think this when there comes to our thought that coming day of parting from the old friends here, and joining the glad and waiting company of the old friends there, in that Land of Welcomes, without Farewells. Surely and certainly, even there, the bond of old friendship will be one of closer union than any new can weave. And the oldest and truest love of all will at last be realized by us there and then; a love which began before that of any other; a Friend also of whom an old Book tells us, that 'Having loved His own which were in the world, *He loved them to the end.*'

A BOOK FOR FAIR WOMEN.

LET me begin with an apology—**L** not for myself, but for the English language. I use the word fair, not in its general, but its particular sense, as meaning what the French call *blonde*. In English we have no convenient words to express the two broad distinctions in colour which exist in the human hair and complexion. We may say 'dark' and 'light,' to be sure; but though 'dark' is not uncommonly employed, 'light' has a strange sound when used independently. If I described a young lady with light hair as 'a light young lady,' I should say a great deal more than I meant, unless my object were to give serious offence. So although I put in an

appearance above with 'fair,' for the sake of dignity, I shall use the word blonde in the following pages for my own comfort and convenience—my next care being to tell you why I have to use it at all.

There is a fashion in beauty as in most other things—in all other things, indeed, which it is possible to control—for few natural objects would escape the interference of the *môde*, if the *môde* had its own way. As it is, ladies are said to change the colour of their hair and give various effects to their complexions, to say nothing of filling up deficiencies in their forms—real or fancied—with the general result of making themselves appear as they

are not. In France, where the custom is carried farther than in this country, great *dames du monde* are said to colour even their babies and their lap-dogs. One of the latter looks particularly absurd when adorned with fancy hues, suggestive of his having reclined too long upon a rainbow; but a single colour, I believe, is usually employed, to suit the toilette of his mistress. Thus it is considered bad taste to wear a blue dog with a green dress, and so forth. It may be easily supposed what would happen if some Madame Rachel could be found to change the face of nature. We should have magenta trees, mauve skies, and yellow waters, as sure as you were born, and the hills would be tipped with gold quite independently of the smiling morn, like the Hyde Park railings. Nature, in fact, would be a continued transformation-scene; we should hear of companies being formed for the decoration of counties; and the fashionable papers would tell us in what charming taste Lord Scandoo had given new tints to his estate, with such harmonious consideration, too, for his tenantry, whom it was not proposed for the present to change from their prevailing hue of pea-green, &c., &c.

Pending such pleasant possibilities as these, I will content myself with referring only to the fashion which has of late years given such a marked preference for blonde ladies over brunette ladies—so marked, indeed, as to have occasioned a considerable recourse to art on the part of the latter, if scandal is to be believed. And although we have heard from time to time of a coming reaction, there have been no signs as yet of its arrival. Brunettes continue to hold a high place in the admiration market, but blonde is still the ruling colour as far as fashion is concerned; and we all know how such a despot as fashion can even govern taste.

My reference to the fact is not induced by the fact itself—which is in no danger of being forgotten by the public—but by a theory to which it has given rise of so whim-

sical a character as to deserve more notice than it has received. It was while the mania for blondes was at its height as a novelty, that there appeared in Paris a little book which deserves to be remembered as illustrative of a period in social history not yet passed away. The work in question—which is from the pen of M. Ausone de Chancel—in called 'Le Livre des Blondes.' It has a machinery of narrative, but its object is to place blondes in a relation to the universe never assigned to them before, and one which has never been suggested even by that advanced body the Anthropological Society.

The narrative may be soon disposed of—all, at least, except the *dénoûment*, which is naturally reserved for the end,—and with this arrangement far be it from me to interfere.

In the first chapter we are introduced to one Maurice de Frégeneuil, a rich young gentleman inhabiting a beautiful estate in Angoulême. To him comes, with a letter of introduction, one Albert de Revel, another rich young gentleman, who is travelling with an object with which we are soon made acquainted. There is, it appears, a skeleton in the visitor's cupboard, the nature of which he communicates to his new friend on the second day. Albert is rich, as has been said, but he is threatened with abject poverty, for he has inherited his entire fortune from an uncle upon conditions which he has not in the course of nearly two years been able to fulfil—and two years was all the time allowed him. He was to marry, but he has not been hitherto able to find a wife. A strange difficulty, you will say—as Maurice indeed said—for a handsome member of the *jeunesse dorée*. But the difficulty is the uncle's, not the nephew's, and this is how it arises.

Albert must, in order to retain his fortune, marry within the time so nearly expired, a young lady of a beauty minutely described, and of which the chief characteristics are a skin brilliantly white, and hair of a gold colour, long and abundant. He would have found little difficulty,

as his friend suggests, in finding such a person in England or Germany; but the uncle insists that the lady shall be French, and in France beauty of the kind is comparatively rare. He had met with some who might have suited, but there were always exceptional conditions in the way: and, what seems to be more important than all, he did not particularly care about blondes, his tastes inclining rather to brunettes. Still less, too, does he share certain theories of his uncle on the subject of race, which he truly describes as of very extraordinary character; and in order that Maurice may see that he is not unreasonable, he reads to him a treatise in which the eccentric testator has embodied the said theories for the benefit of his heir.

The basis of this heterodox old gentleman's system is this: That white people—that is to say, the extremely fair—were the originals of divine creation, and that dark people—in proportion as they are dark—have come from fallen angels. In his illustrations, however, he applies this theory only to the female sex, believing a blonde woman to be the being most nearly allied to divinity. The blonde, in fact, belongs to the sky, and the brune to the earth. In support of the principle he ransacks history, both sacred and profane, in order to show that all the most illustrious and lovable ladies, from the earliest period to the present time, have been blonde, while those who have the lesser claims to those distinctions have invariably been brune. He traces them through the poets of ancient and modern times, and through the most celebrated works of fiction.

Beginning at the beginning, he tells us that Eve was blonde, the brune being a new Eve, born out of Eden. She belongs properly only to the paradise of Mohammed, where the hours are represented with a speciality for black eyes. Carrying the idea through the heathen mythology, he informs us that the Venus Urania—the celestial Venus—was blonde, while the Venus Melania—she of Corinth—was brune,

as her name denotes. According to Pausanias the statue of Venus Urania was of gold or of ivory, and for her attribute she had at her feet a tortoise, symbol of secluded life; that of Venus Melania was of bronze, sitting on a goat with gilded horns, indicative of adventure. The sons of these goddesses—Eros and Anteros—had the respective characteristics of their mothers.

The author guards himself, however, against giving the Venus Melania as a symbol of the brune in modern times. The mind purifies the flesh. Sappho and Cleopatra he cites among great women of antiquity who were brune, but redeemed themselves by their sacrifices. In short, as he explains, one may be brune in the body and yet have in the soul all the delicate sensibility of a blonde. This beautiful type, he reminds us, has not escaped Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who says in his 'Confessions':

'Mlle de Broil était une jeune personne à peu près de mon âge: bien faite, très belle, très blanche, avec des cheveux très noirs, et, quoique brune, portant sur son visage cet air de douceur des blondes auquel mon cœur n'a jamais résisté.'

And not only, says our author—writing, be it remembered, for the eccentric uncle of Albert—never resisted, nor even tried to resist this air of sweetness of the blondes, but the blonde was the type of his ideal of beauty, as immortalized in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*; and he adds, after bringing Balzac in support of his idea, that Madame de Warens, 'cette première initiatrice de Jean-Jacque' was blonde, while the beautiful Venetian, 'qui, faute de mieux, le "renvoyait aux mathématiques,"' was brune.

Aurora—I follow the author in taking the illustrations at random—was a blonde as well as rosy goddess, but Night was decidedly a brune; and crowned though she were with diamonds, no woman would be willing to pass for her personification—even for the sake of her crown. The Graces, too, were all three blondes, as must be admitted on the authority of Homer, who makes Anchises take Venus for one of

them. And the Graces, as the author points out, become very important persons when symbolised as the three Christian Virtues. For Thalia has Confidence, the diminutive of Faith; Aglaia Elegance, the affirmative of Hope; Euphrosine Prudence, the intelligent reserve of Charity. The Nymphs, he adds, were blonde; but the Fates and the Eumenides—both of the night—were brune.

But there is no need to accompany the author through the Mythology. That blonde beauty was the beauty *par excellence* of the Greeks he shows by examples from the poets—notably that of Helen of Troy, on the authority of Homer. The Greek brunes, he adds, stained their locks with a yellow tincture, or powdered them with gold dust; and often, by a curious caprice, the blondes stained their eyebrows and eyelashes with black, which explains why Helen is said to have had black eyes, and why we find this kind of beauty celebrated by some of the poets. The type, like the ideal of beauty, was the blonde. The Judgment of Paris was the judgment of all antiquity. It was the blonde Phryne that inspired the two greatest artists of Greece. In Egypt it was the blonde Berenice who, to invoke the favour of the gods on Ptolemy, consecrated her hair to Venus. Passing to Rome, the author cites from Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, and others, numerous examples of the blonde beauties whom they celebrate in their poems. He admits, however, that their golden tresses were for the most part borrowed—and this homage to the blondes of course delights him the more.

All false adornments—and especially false hair, which was still worn of a blonde colour by women—were condemned, the author goes on to say, by the fathers of the Christian church. But the barbarians who invaded Rome brought flaxen or red hair with them, and so the colour became naturalised! Dante's Beatrice had blonde tresses, as everybody knows, and the great heroine of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' was also a blonde. 'This

portrait of Armida,' says the author, after quoting Tasso's description, 'was that of Eleonora d'Este. Unhappy Tasso!—happy, perhaps!—it drove him mad!' Ariosto, he adds, did not lose his head for Angelica, but he would probably have been prepared to stake his life in her cause. It was while the age was under the influence of these poets that Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgogne, instituted the order of the Toison d'Or, in honour of his blonde mistress.

The champion of the blondes devotes a great deal of laudation to Héloïse, as introducing a considerable improvement in her sex. Before her example of devotion to Abelard, no woman, he assures us, had ever loved. He is naturally envious to claim her as his own, but unfortunately he has never been able to find any details of her personal appearance. That she was beautiful is all that he has been able to ascertain. There is an old engraving in the library in the Rue Richelieu, which is supposed to represent her, but this is not to be depended upon. 'I know not, therefore,' he adds, 'whether Héloïse was brune or blonde; but I would wager that she was blonde, or else a brune with blue eyes.'

In his next chapter he sets to work to show that from the time when woman ceased to be a slave and became a queen, however brunes and brunettes may have reigned over men's minds, blondes have always reigned over their hearts. Taking the Troubadours in support of his proposition, he quotes from Raoul, Comte de Soissons (thirteenth century) the lines beginning:

'O belle blonde!
(O cœur si gent!
Perle du monde
Que j'aime tant!'

Hastening on to 'the age of love, of pleasure, and something of chivalry, of art, of poetry, of royalty of every kind, in short, of which Francis the First—the gentleman, the gallant, the poet, the chevalier, the artist, was the king,'—he says that in that age all France was amorous of green eyes—at least, according to Ronsard:

'Je veuil l'œil brun et brun le teint,
Quoque l'œil vert tout la France adore.'

The poet declares himself opposed to the popular taste in favour of Marguerite de Valois, the king's sister, who was brune with blue eyes; but 'bon sang ne peut mentir,' and another day he said to another mistress:

'A cette jeune Grecque à qui ta beauté semble
Comme tu fais le nom.'—*Hélène*.

Then we are reminded that in an epithalamium on the marriage of Madeline of France, daughter of Francis, Marot wrote:

'Brunette elle est, mais portant elle est bella.'

Among the other 'proofs,' as the author calls them, of his proposition, we find an allusion to green eyes in connection with blonde hair, and the two are, we believe, always associated. (Becky Sharpe, by-the-way, is an illustration in our own time.) Laborderie makes the heroine of his 'Amie de Cour,' a coquette and courtly lady, say:

'Je mettais peine à porter proprement
Mes blonds cheveux et mon accoutrement,
A peüement conduire mes yeux vorts
Pleine de douceur, ni peu ni trop ouverts.'

From Mellin de Saint-Gelais, Joachim Dubellay, Louise Labbé, 'la belle cordière,' Remi Belleau, Claude de Pontoux, and others, he quotes verses in praise of blonde beauty, showing its high appreciation among French poets. Then he proceeds to give us some specimens from that curious book called 'La Pauleographie'—written in praise of a lady of Toulouse called 'la Belle Paule,' by Gabriel Minut, and printed at Lyons in 1587—from which it is evident that the lady in question, unlike the Toulouse ladies in general, had golden locks. The author—who certainly ought, from the enthusiasm with which he writes, to be an authority on the subject—declares, moreover, that it is impossible for any woman to be beautiful except under this condition. 'La Belle Paule,' by-the-way, he describes as the most beautiful lady that ever existed; but his *dictum* may be accepted with some reserve, considering that, as the author tells us, 'the Superlative was born in Languedoc or its environs, and has never been ex-

patriated;' in illustration of which historical fact he tells us a story which, as it is about a white horse, may not be considered out of place.

An officer of Languedoc had lost a horse, and his grief took such a hold upon his southern excitability that he gave forth his lamentations at table in this style:

'My beautiful horse! You know the white one? So beautifully white—more white than a swan in alabaster! So beautiful—the most beautiful of all Algeria! And young—the most young in the regiment! The most—ah, well! it is dead!'

'Dead!' interrupted a companion. 'What a pity! But you have this to console you—that it is quite dead; the most dead of all horses; that there has never been a horse so dead as he!'

The belle Paule, however, must have been something remarkable in the way of beauty, for we are told that she exhibited herself every Sunday on her balcony in order that the assembled people of Toulouse might see her at their ease, as the admiring crowd could not be kept within due bounds in the streets without the interference of the authorities.

Our author, alluding to these pleasant difficulties incidental to the life of a blonde (there are blondes and blondes, by-the-way, and the belle Paule was, it seems, a *blonde argentée*), mentions the fact that another blonde—Mademoiselle Sophie Gay, afterwards Madame de Girardin—was the cause of an *émeute* at Lyons. The populace surrounded the house in which she was staying: she had to shut the windows for her protection, and then they all competed for the privilege of gazing at her through the panes of glass. She would have been the most beautiful woman—that is to say, the most beautiful blonde of her time—if there had not been another. This other was a Venetian countess who was called the *Biondina*. All Venice sang nothing but the *Biondina* while she was in the City of the Hundred Isles.

The blonde Ninon, says our author, alluding, I suppose, to Ninon

l'Enclos, observed of a young gentleman who had no memory, that it was all the better—he could not tell anything: Our author pleads the same cause, on his own account, for closing his quotations from the beauty-market of the blondes. But he adds another batch, of women of fashion, of rank, of mind, or of beauty, who are to be included in the category. Agnes Sorel was blonde, Diana de Poitiers was blonde, Gabrielle d'Estrées was blonde, and Marie Stuart, 'whom the brune and jealous Elizabeth caused to be decapitated,' was blonde also. And then he quotes, from Brantôme, a description of the unhappy Queen of Scots' hair, as displayed on the scaffold, forgetting recent researches into history, which declare the same hair to have been a wig. But however this may be, Marie Stuart was undoubtedly a blonde, so he has a right to make her his own. He adds, too, some other illustrations, which I am bound to record. The first wife of Henry IV.—la belle Margot—was, he confesses, brune, but he adds that her ivory arms were one of her great attractions, and also the fact—if it may be so called—that all her pages were blonde, and that she made them shave their heads in order to provide her with tresses of the colour most admired. Among other illustrious ladies he cites Anne d'Autriche, blonde; Henriette d'Entracques, blonde; Marie de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Orléans, blonde; Elizabeth de Fraine, Reine d'Espagne, blonde; Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchesse d'Orléans, blonde; the Duchesse de Chevreuse, blonde; and blonde, he adds, was the beautiful Duchesse de Longueville, of whom the great Rochefoucauld wrote the well-known verse:—

'Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux dieux.'

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, painting her own portrait, describes herself as having hair *blond et d'un beau cendré*, with blue eyes and a vermillion mouth. Of the three races of Mazarin two were brune

and the third blonde. And to show how blonde beauty was accepted at the Court of France, it is stated that Madame de Motteville in her Memoirs, speaking of the brune Soyon, maid of honour to the Duchesse d'Orléans, said that she might have declared, like the Sulamite: 'Je suis noire, mais belle?'

Our author does not fail to note that the ladies in the last century in France who were not blonde, wore wigs which made them appear to be so. And he adds that, besides the *blondes du perruquier*, there were others who were blondes by nature—as Madame de Sévigné, who invented a blonde coiffure; Mademoiselle de Lavallière, who invented another; Madame de la Fayette, who was blonde, and Madame de Maintenon, whose *blond cheveux* was not the less beautiful because it was celebrated by the Marquis de Chevreuse, her first lover, in somewhat mediocre verse.

Under the Regency—at that epoch of materialism—the brunes were in the ascendant. Such is the cause and effect traced by our author; and he traces the decline of noses—which are always great in great men—to the general decadence of the age. But I will not follow him into his conclusions upon this subject, nor into his profound reflections upon the association of the Revolution with physiognomy in general. My business is with the blondes. I should not omit to mention, however, that he notices the assumption of blonde hair during the revolutionary period. And he adds: 'The blondes are the incarnation of poetry; the brunes are the poetry of the flesh.'

The eccentric old gentleman who is responsible for all these ideas brings them to a rather alarming conclusion. The human race, he says, whatever its present degrees of colour, will one day all be black. The dark peoples have led the way, the light peoples will have to follow them, and the universal negro will be the result. There is no need to trace the theological and scientific causes alleged, as we can credit the conclusion just as well without them. But it is time to tell what

happened to the young gentleman to whom the manuscript was committed—whose fortune depends upon his marriage with a miraculous blonde beauty within a certain time.

Albert has been well advanced in his readings, which are resumed from day to day, when he suddenly announces to Maurice that he has seen, during his walks abroad, a young lady of wonderful beauty—blonde, and, as it appears from his description, answering all the conditions prescribed by his uncle. His imagination takes fire at the idea which naturally suggests itself. But Maurice implores him to moderate his transports. The young lady, he says, is Louise de Gêrac—the early friend of a cousin of his—and he is himself in love with her. It is true that the cousin—Madeleine de Fré-geneuil—is an earlier love; that he has been devoted to her from his childhood. But he loves Louise, and cannot choose but abandon himself to his inspiration. He asks, therefore, from Albert a promise, on the honour of a friend, that he will not cross his path. Albert necessarily consents, and meets the two ladies, who are present from time to time at the reading of the manuscript. The addition to the society causes some embarrassment at first to Albert, as Madeleine is a brilliant brunette, and is not likely to feel flattered at the theory of the eccentric uncle. But Albert assures her that the argument is to be accepted in a *Pickwickian* sense, 'or words to that effect,' as far as the French language will allow, and the young lady takes the reflections of the

author in very good part. As the readings proceed, Albert finds himself taking more and more interest in the young lady, and at last pays her attentions of a very marked character. He is in great danger indeed of flying in the face of his uncle's injunctions, and ruining himself for Madeleine, when his friend steps in to save him. Maurice, it seems, has seen, not without jealousy, the attentions of Albert to Madeleine, and at last avows that he has mistaken the nature of his feelings for Louise. He believed that he felt towards her as a lover; but since he has learned to love Albert as a brother, he has discovered that it is only as a sister that he loves Louise. It is Madeleine, and Madeleine alone, whom he now owns as the mistress of his heart.

Nothing could be pleasanter than the arrangement suggested by this altered state of affairs. Albert is more than willing to transfer himself to Louise, and Louise is happy to meet him half way. Madeleine, too, who has never swerved from her early love, is delighted to secure him. So, after a little mystic talk about affinities and so forth, the book closes with a very proper moral—the blonde gentleman being married to the brune lady, and the blonde lady to the brune gentleman. As for the theories of the eccentric uncle, not one of the party, you may be sure, cares a straw about them; and the reader who has accompanied me thus far will doubtless agree that they come to a very proper conclusion.

S. L. B.

MR. O'REILLY.

HOW many months ago is it since I lay down, one lovely autumn afternoon, on the side of Loch Sheogachan, and mentally tossed up 'heads or tails' as to what I should do about Mary O'Reilly and her intractable, unbearable, ungovernable papa? From Christmas to Christmas is twelve months—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Scarcely fifteen months, and it seems as if a hundred years had passed since then.

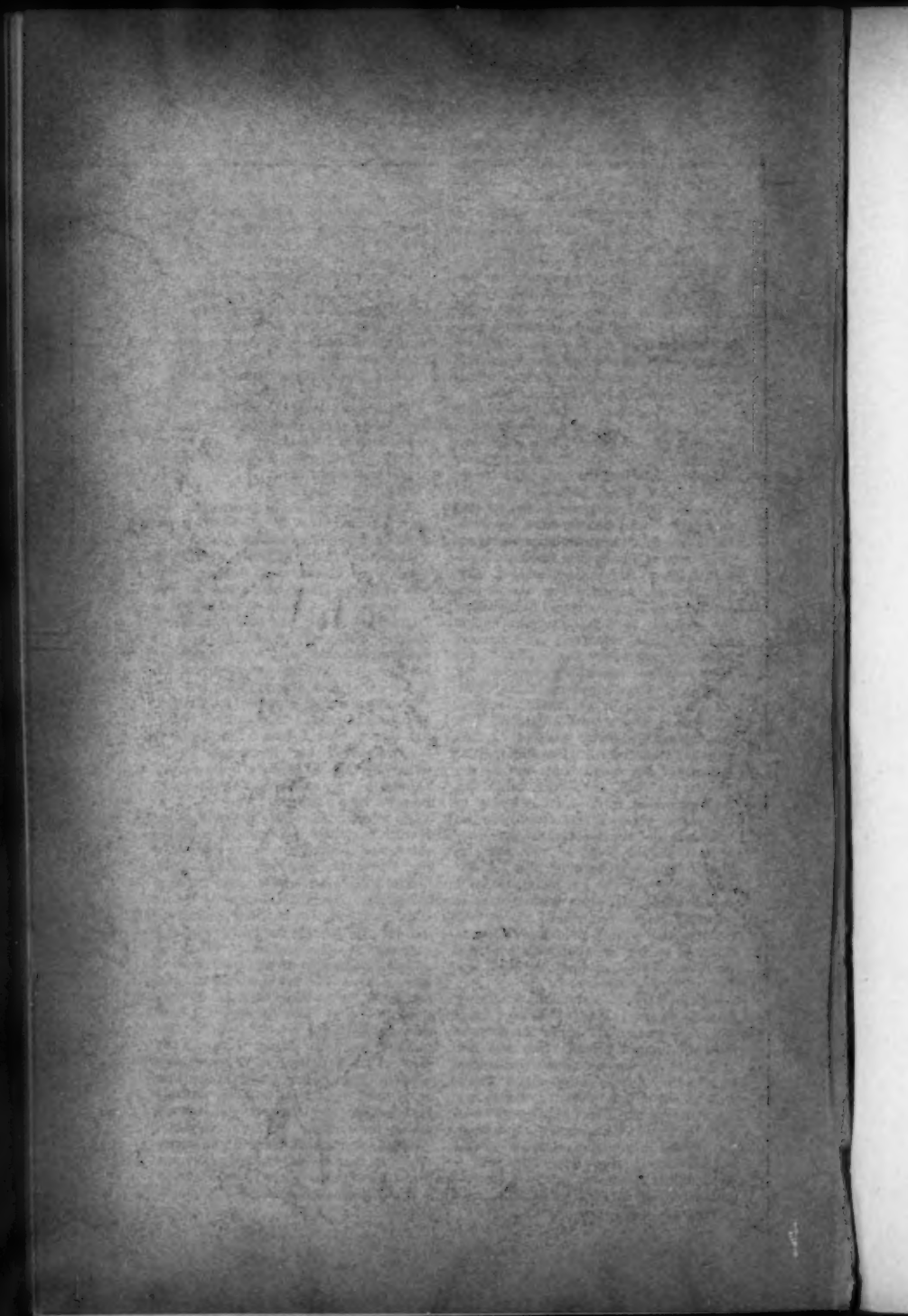
Here a certain young person, looking over my shoulder, remarks that I have

paid her a very pretty compliment indeed. I explain, however, that I meant the hundred years to express my sense of the happiness which had been compressed into the fifteen months. The explanation appears to myself to be remarkably vague, not to say incoherent; but it satisfies the young person, who retires, and leaves me to my story.

Fifteen months ago, then, I went over to the west of Ireland, in answer to an invitation from an old gentleman, a distant relative of mine, who had some



Drawn by G. B. Goodland.



excellent shooting. He did not shoot himself; he had few neighbours who had not shooting of their own; he had still, out of habit, kept on his game-keeper, who supplied the kitchen in autumn and winter; and so it was that he was right in saying there would be no lack of sport if I went over. A young and briefless barrister, who has the good luck to have some little money of his own, is seldom busy. Above all, he is never busy in the autumn; so in an inexpressibly short period of time I found myself at the half farmhouse, half castle, which my venerable friend owned on the shores of Loch Shegachan.

The shooting, as I had anticipated, was excellent; and for a week or two I revelled in laughter. Day after day, wet or dry, I sallied out alone, my only companions being the dogs; and while I sometimes found sufficient difficulty in disposing of the game I shot, so that it might be fetched by some one from the house, that inconvenience was more than atoned for by the freedom I obtained from the persecutions of Tim O'Lany, the keeper. Tim was a pig-headed old fool, incorrigibly obstinate in sticking to his own means and methods, and regarding all improvements or alterations in the outfit of a sportsman as something approaching sacrilege. Breechloaders, in especial, were his particular abhorrence; and if, by chance, you missed anything, Tim was invariably ready with an 'I told you so,' and with a protestation that any other gun would have caught the hare or the duck, as the case might be. So I intimated to Tim, after a day or two in his company had taught me the boundaries of my shooting, that henceforth I should dispense with his services. Tim said nothing; but I know that he prayed to his favourite saint that I might miss every bird or beast at which I might fire; and I am certain he was almost moved to tears of vexation on seeing, evening after evening, that the day's bag had not been decreased by his absence.

In midst of this enjoyment, it was my fortune to meet Mary O'Reilly; and from that moment I became the wretchedest of human beings. She and her father came from some unnameable district to dine with us one evening. There was no other lady present; and as my aged friend and Mr. O'Reilly devoted their energies exclusively to discussing the doings of some magistrates in the neighbourhood, the young lady and I were naturally thrown pretty much together. When Mr. O'Reilly did address

me, it was merely to say all the insulting things he could imagine about England and the English. These, delivered in a fine rich brogue, he hurled at my head, as if I had specially gone over to become the scapegoat of my countrymen. Miss Mary did her best to deprecate these attacks; but in vain. 'Ye talk about shootin'!' he cried. 'Is there a man in your country who'd wait all the noight in a barrel in a bog—wid plenty of rain to prevent your fallin' aslape—to have a shot at the say-fowl?'

'Why, I've done it myself,' said I.

'You?'

The tone in which he uttered the interrogation sounded remarkably as if he believed that I was lying.

'Will, I'll till you, I'll go out wid ye to-morrow noight, now.'

'All right,' said I.

The challenge, as I suspected, was only a threat; and Mr. O'Reilly never mentioned the engagement again.

However, Mary O'Reilly and I became great friends that evening. She was (perhaps I had better say *is*, lest this sheet should again be submitted to inspection) a very handsome, spirited-looking girl, with dark-blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and large masses of jet-black hair. There was fire and life in her every look and motion; and yet she was exceedingly gentle in manner, and soft in voice. She was so unlike her father, that I took it for granted she resembled her mother, who, to judge by Mr. O'Reilly's objurgations against my countrymen, had probably been an Englishwoman.

In return, Mr. O'Reilly invited my relation to dine with him, and included me in the invitation. After that evening, I took the liberty of calling at Mr. O'Reilly's house, without seeking any invitation. Indeed, I fancy he rather liked my going there, that he might indulge his passion for maligning and sneering at the English. What he chiefly complained of was their want of spirit. 'They did not drink, nor fight, nor dance, nor make love, nor do anything in that fine, boisterous Irish fashion which he remembered to have marked his own young days. They were a set of patient, dull, respectable people, introducing calculation into every matter of life, wanting entirely that dare-devil enthusiasm and courage which were alone worthy of a man. All this, and much more, I was accustomed to hear as Mr. O'Reilly ate and drank prodigious quantities of Kinahan and hot water, and while Mary O'Reilly

sate at the piano (it might have been a better one, certainly) and played those old Irish airs which are so full of a sweet and tender pathos.

In time—in fact, in a very short space of time—all this produced its natural consequences. I was madly in love with Mary O'Reilly. I went about the hills and along the side of the loch in a maudlin fashion, oftentimes allowing a hare to scuttle off in safety among brackens not thirty feet from me, and at other times allowing a heron to rise from the reeds and fly unharmed over my head, with his long legs hanging in the air. Finally (and by this time Mary by various little arts and devices, had impressed me with the notion that I should not displease her by so doing), I went and asked her father if he had any objection to my becoming a suitor for her hand.

He had, most decidedly. He drank off some raw whisky, and told me, with profuse and profane language, that his daughter should never marry an Englishman—never! And he invoked all the saints and demons to bear him witness.

So I departed, crestfallen. What was I to do? That very evening I received a note from Mary, which she had sent by some servant. She had heard of the quarrel between her father and myself. She was in despair. I was never to be allowed near the house again; and what should she do?

That was the very question which was pressed upon myself, for the term of my invitation had nearly expired. I began to curse the hour in which I was born on English soil; and wished that I had been, to please her maniac of a father, a Dutchman, a Bosjesman, or a New Zealander.

Next day I had grown desperate. I was moved to slaughter every living thing that came within reach of my breechloader. I was unusually lucky, too—woodcock, pheasants, hares, and ducks falling to my gun, to say nothing of half a dozen rabbits and a long-necked heron. Towards the afternoon I returned to the spot where I had hung up some of the game in the morning. I sat down on the bank, surrounded by the dogs and the slaughtered birds; and there I read Mary's letter again, and fell to wondering what was to be done with the Anglophobist who had the honour, and did not appreciate it, of being her father. At length I took my resolve; slung most of the game on a tree which I knew how to indicate to Tim O'Lany; went home with the

dogs; and then started over the mountains to Mr. O'Reilly's house.

I hung about there until I saw emerge from the place a little girl whom I recognized as the daughter of O'Reilly's bailiff. Her I laid hold of, and bade her quietly go and tell Miss O'Reilly that some one wanted to speak to her. Mary came, in great agitation; and there and then I proposed that, if her father persisted in his mania, she and I should get married in spite of him.

'Has he any other objection to me than my being an Englishman?' I asked.

'None,' she said; 'but that is quite insuperable. I am in despair. He will never give his consent; and I dare not do what you ask.'

But she did, all the same, although it took me two or three days, with half a dozen interviews, to persuade her. I had to make arrangements with my relatives in London; I had to coax my mother into writing a letter to her, saying that Mary could come direct to her house; I had then to go to London, and arrange with an elderly official gentleman at Doctors' Commons, and another elderly official person in the neighbourhood of a certain church; and finally I hurried across again to Ireland. I confess that I almost repented of the project when I saw the distress the poor girl was in.

'But then,' she urged, while she was still struggling to retain her tears, 'when he knows we are married, then he will give up his prejudice against Englishmen.'

'I don't know,' said I; 'but if he gives up his prejudice against me so far as to make friends with you, well and good.'

It was only a week or two after this that, one evening, Mary and I sat on the balcony of a hotel at Königswinter, overlooking the Rhine. We were married, and were on our wedding tour; but the quiet and loveliness of the surroundings of Königswinter had kept us chained there for several days, and we were in no hurry to depart. Besides, we had written for letters, and daily expected them.

A gentleman stepped out from the *salle-à-manger* and approached the portion of the balcony where we were sitting. Mary turned her head slightly, and then uttered a little scream. I started up at once, and was confronted by Mr. O'Reilly.

'Now,' said I to myself, 'we are going to have a scene, and it will be better to have it a short and a swift one.'

'Me boy,' said Mr. O'Reilly, 'give me your hand! Did I say ye were an Englishman? Divil a stupider word did I ever utter, and that's the thruth! Divil an Englishman had iver the courage to carry off his swateheart in the way ye did; and it's moighty plased I am wid ye—and proud of ye, me boy;

and here, Molly, me girl, come and kiss your ould father!'

The next moment Mr. O'Reilly had turned to me, with a wink, to say that he had brought 'a foine dhrop o' the craythur wid him, just to make all matters straight atune us.'

HOW MR. MINTER WON AND LOST HIS SEAT FOR GOLBOROUGH.

A Story of the Election Petitions.

I.

'WHAT do you think about it, my dear—eh?' and Mr. Minter, of the firm of Minter, Splinter, Flinter, and Co., Coleman Street, City, looked dubiously at the lady who was most emphatically his better and stronger half.

'Think?' replied that lady; 'why, that of course you will act upon Mr. Writeley's advice, and issue your address at once for Golborough. Isn't it just the opportunity?'

'But I have heard such queer accounts of the place: they say it's as corrupt as possible. You know, my dear—'

But Mrs. Minter had made up her mind; and where Mrs. Minter led, Mr. Minter invariably followed. Had that lady's literary abilities and mastery of political phraseology been somewhat more extensive than they were, she would have probably taken the pen out of Mr. Minter's hand, and completed for him, then and there, the election address which he was hesitating to commence.

To explain these snatches of dialogue already quoted, it may be well to say, that in consequence of the death of Sir Cressus Broadlands the second seat in the representation of Golborough had just become vacant. Mrs. Minter had the eye of a hawk in these matters. For some time it had been her main ambition to achieve the position and dignity of a county lady. County society she had understood was by no means easy of access; but Mrs. Minter was not to be daunted by small obstacles. If her aspirations

could not be realized in one way they should be in another. She was wearied of the sphere in which she moved in London: she thirsted for novelty and distinction, and, *comme il faut*, she would have them both. Why on earth should not Mr. Minter go into parliament? Every person was in parliament now-a-days. 'Thomas Minter, Esq., M.P.'—that would be the Open Sesame to the door which was closed against her; and those initials she determined that, in some way or other, her patient and plastic husband should have. The opportunity that morning had come. Mrs. Minter had observed the decease of Sir C. Broadlands, pointed out the vacancy at Golborough which would thus occur, to her lord and master, and despatched him at once to Mr. Writeley, the head election agent of the great Buff party, with whom Mr. Minter had already some slight acquaintance.

Upon Mr. Writeley, therefore, Mr. Minter duly called. The great man was in his office. He would see Mr. Minter—presently: at that moment he was occupied with talking to a couple of Cabinet ministers—the Buffs, it may be remembered, were in office just then. This interview concluded, he would give Mr. Minter at least ninety seconds to explain his business. 'Just as well to impress these City men,' said Mr. Writeley to himself, as he finished a very excellent Havannah in a little inner room leading out of his regular office,—for the head election agent of the Buffs, it is

needless to say, was about as much engaged with Cabinet ministers as he was with the Queen and the various other members of the royal family. Mr Writeley's strong point was impressiveness, and judging from his tone of conversation, he was quite as essential to representative government in England as the House of Commons or the balance of parties.

'Take a chair, Mr. Minter,' said this important personage; 'sorry to have kept you: extremely full of business: appointment at the Treasury in three minutes' time: your business?'

'That seat at Golborough——'

'Oh!' said Mr. Writeley, with a very different expression, 'have you any wish for a parliamentary career?'

Mr. Minter, encouraged by this question, began to unfold his views to Mr. Writeley. But Mr. Writeley was not a man who needed much of the unfolding process, and, cutting the explanation as short as possible, turned to an imposing address-book.

'Well, Mr. Minter, I see I can put you in nomination—that is supposing our subsequent arrangements to be satisfactory.'

Mr. Minter hinted something on the subject of probable expenditure. 'Oh, the expenses would be nothing—nothing, that was to say, to a man in Mr. Minter's position.' Mr. Writeley thought that the seat ought to be safe for three or four thousand pounds. Could Mr. W. put him, Mr. M., in communication at once with his agents at Golborough?—or——

'Wasn't,' Mr. Minter interposed, 'Golborough a place which bore a rather bad character as regarded purity of election?'

'Well,' Mr. Writeley observed, 'you must take the place as you find it. A seat in parliament was a seat; and British electors were British electors. However, he thought that, with agents of such entirely unassailable honour, Mr. Minter might be quite satisfied that the conduct of the election would be irreproachable in every respect.' 'Contest? Oh yes, there would be

a pretty sharp contest. Was not Mr. Minter aware that Mr. Studley had been "nursing" the borough for some time,—in fact, ever since the last general election; but then Mr. Studley was Blue; and it was quite impossible for any one but a supporter of the colours of the great Buff party to carry the second seat for Golborough.' 'Thoroughly sound and honourable principles? Yes. Mr. Minter might be entirely satisfied that the election would be conducted on these.'

'Then, mildly asked Mr. Minter, 'wasn't three or four thousand pounds a rather large amount?'

'Yes, perhaps it might seem so,' rejoined Mr. Writeley; 'but then he must remember, firstly, that the agents' expenses would be considerable, as Golborough was a long straggling town; secondly, there were a good many public charities, which Mr. Minter should support. These tactics were, of course, not merely perfectly justifiable but absolutely necessary. As he, Mr. Writeley, had observed, Mr. Studley had been nursing the borough for a considerable space, and it would require some amount of honest liberality—that was Mr. Writeley's expression—to counteract the venal tampering—(by-the-bye,' said Mr. Writeley, whom it just struck that he had developed a felicitous phrase, 'you might hint at that, should you be brought into personal collision with Mr. Studley) of the candidate in the Blue interest. Well,' summed up Mr. Writeley, 'have you made up your mind?'

So Mr. Minter promised an answer on the next day, and went on his way, not at all rejoicing. To tell the plain truth, he had not, in the first place, the slightest wish to get into parliament. His politics were of the mildest order, principally confined to the Money Article in the 'Times,' and speculations in Consols. But the necessity of the step had been urged upon him by Mrs. Minter. 'Think of the good it would be to them all! Think of the advantage it would be to the girls;' and Mrs. Minter drew a delightful picture of the Minter ménage in some aristocratic county, with Min-

ter *pièce* playing the part of the old English gentleman, and the Miss Minters carrying everything before them.

'I'd a deuced deal sooner have a villa in Surrey, close to the river, and a nice punt—all handy to town,' sighed Minter, thinking fondly of the old days when the dolls of Richmond Park gave him his idea of Tempe, and his aspirations after Illissus would have been perfectly gratified by the contiguous Thames. But the villa in Surrey, and the punt, and the handiness to town were not at all what Mrs. Minter required. The Miss Minters were stylish girls, and had received an expensive education, and Mrs. Minter had not the remotest idea of hiding their gifts and graces beneath the bushel of suburban society. A real country house, not a Brummagem imitation, was Mrs. Minter's notion, and the neighbourhood of Golborough was, she had heard, delightful. All the county families were such admirable style—very exclusive, of course;—but then Mr. Minter, as member for the county metropolis, and as a country gentleman—for Mrs. Minter had quite decided that there was not the least use in their living in London all the year round, and that a snug little place close to Golborough would be the thing; already had vivid visions of her lord and master entertaining the Golborough Hunt at breakfast, and opening the Golborough county ball with the Duchess of Fiddlestick, Mrs. Minter's phantom partner being none other than the great Duke of Fiddlestick himself.

These were the thoughts which Mrs. Minter was revolving in her breast the while she sank back in the recesses of her yielding arm-chair, and beheld before her her greatly-perplexed husband elaborating his address to the 'Free and independent electors of Golborough' from the depths of his moral consciousness.

Enter the footman. A note on a silver salver. From Mr. Writeley, who would be glad to know whether Mr. Minter had quite decided as to Golborough. Mr. Writeley had al-

ready received more than one additional application; but as Mr. Minter was first in the field, and he, Mr. W., was, above all things, anxious not to divide the interest of the great Buff party, he should certainly return the answer that there was no opening at Golborough, should Mr. Minter continue of the same mind in which he appeared to be this morning. Active measures, most active—and these words were underscored by Mr. Writeley—would be necessary, as he understood that Mr. Studley was moving heaven and earth, and that Mr. Flowett, the head election agent of the Blues, was already down at Golborough, reconnoitring.

'Mr. Studley!' almost shrieked Mrs. Minter, who had been reading the letter, at the same time letting the document drop from her hands; 'Mr. Studley!—Henry, you never told me this. Write at once to Mr. Writeley, telling him that you have quite decided, and that your seat must be carried at any price.'

Mr. Minter thought of his balance, his investments, and wrote.

In truth the mention of Mr. Studley's name had shed an altogether new light upon the whole matter, and had supplied an entirely new set of motives to Mrs. Minter's ambition.

'Fancy,' said Mrs. Minter, when the document had been duly despatched, 'never telling me about the Studleys. You know I hate that woman! You know I would do anything in the world to punish her for her rudeness to me when we were at Cannes last year. Odious, proud creature! And to think that you should have hesitated one moment about Golborough; I will have Mr. Studley beaten, even should it cost me my very dress off my back. Henry, you are a poor-spirited man, and don't know when your wife's insulted.'

'But, my dear,' remonstrated Mr. Minter.

Mrs. Minter was not in a humour for 'buts.' As for Mr. Minter, he accepted the situation, and meditated. He fancied that he had gained a new insight into the question of the woman franchise.

'That seat must be won. I don't care what it costs,' said Mrs. Minter.

'My dear,' returned Mr. Minter, 'the election must be conducted on honourable principles, remember.'

'Honourable principles, indeed!' ejaculated the lady. 'You talk about honourable principles, when you have not the spirit to avenge the insult to your wife. That odious Mrs. Studley! She shall repent it.'

In this way did Mr. Minter issue his address to the electors of Golborough. The Golborough electors were taken by surprise. So was the Studley party.

'I say, Studley,' remarked Mr. Flowett to that gentleman, the day after Mr. Minter's opposition was announced at the Canning, 'the Bufts have got a man—Minter—and if half of what I hear is true, you will have a regular calf of gold to fight against.'

'Just like my luck,' replied Mr. Studley. 'It's cost me deuced near fifteen hundred pounds during the last two years nursing that cursed borough. Why, 'twas only the other day that I bought up precious near all the pheasants in Leaden-hall Market, to send a brace to every influential elector in the place, when the coverts at Stud-dington' (Studdington was the name of Mr. Studley's country seat) 'would scarcely yield a bird.'

'I am perfectly certain,' was Mrs. Studley's remark when she heard of the matter, 'that it is all that vulgar, jealous upstart's doing, Mrs. Minter. I know she was immensely mortified because I would have nothing to say to her at Cannes; and this is her revenge. Really the cool assumption and impudence of some persons in these days are wonderful!'

II.

When Mr. Minter had alluded to Golborough in the course of his conversation with Mr. Writeley as a curious place, he was certainly not far wrong in the epithet which he chose. A very remarkable place, indeed, in every sense of the word, Golborough was—that is, from a

Parliamentary point of view. And so Mr. Minter had occasion more than once to discover in the course of his canvass. It has been already stated implicitly or explicitly that Golborough returned two Members to Her Majesty's House of Commons. Of these seats one was held by Tyrrel Lacqueacre, Esq., the representative of one of the oldest families in the county. This gentleman had been in the enjoyment of the confidence of his constituents for some considerable time; and highly important it was to him that he should continue in the proud possession of the trust; for, if report spoke truly, it was entirely the beneficent result of his Parliamentary privilege that he still experienced personal liberty, and that he was able to remain on his native soil instead of betaking himself to some of those convenient watering-places on the French coast. Not that Mr. Tyrrel Lacqueacre was individually much respected or admired by the constituency of Golborough, but his father, a worthy old gentleman, who had recently died a nonagenarian, had been a great benefactor to the town, and in this case gratitude to the parent was followed by fidelity to the child. There were curious stories as to the real composition, could the truth only be known, of the tolerably numerous body of his domestic retainers. As was the case with Sheridan, so it was said that no sooner was one parliament dissolved and the inviolability of Mr. Lacqueacre's person threatened with temporary suspension, than there was an addition to his corps of menials, in the shape of two officers of the law, who were obliging enough, in order to disguise their real business and status, to don the Lacqueacre livery, and who were only distinguishable by their fellow-servants from the ubiquitous anxiety with which they attended to all their master's wants, and the extreme solicitude which they displayed lest some unforeseen calamity should befall the lord of Lacqueacre Hall, if he happened to stray any distance beyond the circumscribed sphere of their vision. As for this

pair of periodically-recurring additions to the Lacqueacre ménage, they rather seemed to enjoy their vocation than otherwise. 'Live like fighting cocks, you know,' these worthies would remark to the other members of their fraternity, when they rejoined them, somewhere in the precincts of, say, Curator Street and Chancery Lane. 'Game, ven'son and all that, you know. In fact, we gets too much of them luxuries, for precious little meat enters Lacqueacre's kitchen which ain't killed on the premises, I can tell you,' the speaker would say, with a knowing grin. 'The Golborough butchers they know a trick worth two of that, I can tell you.' And the gentleman who, with a wink, made this proposition, would thereat apply one of his digits to his nasal organ, in a manner suggestive of the quaint grimace in which, according to Mr. Ingoldsby, the Sacristan of the legend indulged.

Several attempts had been made to disturb the seat of the senior sitting member of Golborough, but to no effect. At the last election it was thought that a rather formidable Blue opponent—Buff was the hereditary election colour of the Lacqueacre family—had been brought forward, and several stratagems of political warfare had been resorted to. Neither invective nor calumny, if Mr. Lacqueacre's friends were to be believed, had been wanting. His impecuniosity was more than hinted at: rude puns were made on his name, and some of the Blues, with a strong taste for statistics, absolutely drew up a list of Mr. Tyrrel Lacqueacre's alleged debts—from what sources they were derived is not known—and circulated the document right and left. But nothing was gained by all these expedients; and it was left for Mr. Slender, the great Blue agent at Golborough, to address an indignant harangue to the assembled mob, from the window of the principal hotel in the place, the burthen of which was that the great town of Golborough was once more shown—shame upon them!—to be an appanage to the house of Lacqueacre. Golborough, however, cared for none of these

things; for, in some way or another, Golborough managed to make quite as much as it wanted out of the great house which Mr. Slender so eloquently arraigned.

One seat, however, secured by the representative of Lacqueacre, it was, in the language of those who knew the town, quite a toss up who secured the other—or rather, as those who said they knew Golborough still better declared, it was no toss up at all, and by an extension of the legislation of auction to senatorial matters, was invariably knocked down to the highest bidder. There was no doubt about it that Golborough had cost the baronet so recently gathered to his fathers a very pretty little amount. It had long been known that poor Sir Cræsus was liable to be carried off at any moment; and Mr. Studley, who had first appeared in the field nearly ten years ago, had quite made up his mind that when the seat fell vacant it should be filled by no one save himself. With this view he had lost no opportunity of cultivating the favour and goodwill of the Golboroughites. In fact, he had been doing what Mr. Flowett called 'keeping his nest warm.' He had subscribed to the agricultural shows of Golborough, had frequently gone there at the most inconvenient seasons to deliver the prizes at the Golborough grammar school, had spent quite a little fortune in purchasing Christmas and New Year's gifts for the good folks of Golborough. Thus it was quite the accepted thing that whenever Sir Cræsus might be promoted to heaven or the Upper House, Mr. Studley was to pop in. Under these circumstances it was not surprising if some little excitement was created by the news at the eleventh hour that the Buffs were going to bring forward a man.

Mr. Minter had prosecuted a most successful canvass; everybody said that, and—it was now the eve of the election day—the 'Golborough Guardian,' a most decidedly Buff paper, came out with a flaming article on the principles on which the contest was to be carried on this time. 'Honour unimpeachable,

good faith inviolable, adhesion to public duty, the exemplification of private virtue—these have invariably been the political principles of the great Buff party. They will be so now; and Mr. Minter is the man in whom all these gifts and graces shall take bodily shape and substance.' So wrote the 'Golborough Guardian.'

Mrs. Minter had at first intimated to Mr. Minter her intention of coming down to Golborough with him. This intention she had subsequently abandoned, but her absence only made her take the keener interest in all that was going on, and Mr. Minter sent despatches in numbers numberless as to the progress which he was making. The professional gentleman to whom Mr. Writeley had been good enough to recommend Mr. Minter at Golborough was a certain Mr. Damp. If there was any person who knew Golborough, Mr. Damp was certainly the man. As he told Mr. Minter on the occasion of one of their first interviews, he had been bred in it and born in it, and if Golborough was to be got at he thought he knew how. It is scarcely necessary to say that between these two gentlemen there was the best understanding possible. Mr. Damp, as he sat with Mr. Minter on the particular evening to which mention is here made, assured him that the whole matter was perfectly safe.

'Mr. Damp,' said Mr. Minter, 'I hope all is being done on the square. I have heard some curious reports already, but they are only reports, I hope.'

'My dear sir,' replied the gentleman thus addressed, 'make yourself quite at ease. I would not countenance—'

'If you please, sir, Mr. Flock wants to speak to you,' said a waiter to Mr. Damp, entering the room in which the pair happened to be seated at the Royal Arms, the hotel which Mr. Minter honoured with his patronage.

'One of my faithful collaborators,' said Mr. Damp, and left the room.

'I say, Mr. Damp,' remarked this gentleman, 'Studley's people are

bribing like the very devil all round. We've spent every farthing of that last seven hundred we had from Mrs. Minter, and we must have more.'

'I suppose, then, we must telegraph,' said Mr. Damp: 'the only thing is to keep the matter as close as possible from Mr. Minter. Strikes me he's suspicious already. He will keep on about his honourable principles. My dear Flock, we must carry the election at any price, and Mrs. Minter will spend, I believe, anything. There's nothing like a woman's quarrel for election agents.'

'Then that other matter about which we were speaking this morning is all squared, eh, Mr. Damp? no humbug, you know. I ain't doing all this dirty business for nothing, and I expect Minter to take the Grange at the sum I said. No,' went on this precious gentleman, 'twenty-five per cent. ain't too much, and I have fouled my hands in a pretty way. Why, it's only twenty per cent. over the regular charge.'

Mr. Flock, it may be mentioned, was an auctioneer and house-agent; the Grange was the name of the country seat which Mrs. Minter had fired her ambition on, and the question of percentage was a polite form for estimating the value of Mr. Flock's electioneering services.

'Fouled your hands, have you?' said Mr. Damp, who, in the spirit of a true diplomatist, naturally objected to this very coarse way of looking matters in the face; 'more fool you. Remember, I know nothing of this. You are my coadjutor; I find the funds: they are legally expended by you in the course of an honourable canvass. That is how the matter stands; and, Mr. Flock, be careful, be careful.'

With which words Mr. Damp prepared to rejoin his principal.

There was something much the reverse of pleasant, though, about Mr. Flock's face. 'If all this business is not properly done, blame me; if I properly do it, and there's any nonsense to me, Mr. Damp, look out. I'm fly to all the business, and what I know I'll use.'

As for the money which Mr. Flock alleged he required, it was duly provided. Mr. Flock's system of ma-

naging business was simple and intelligible. He would go into the house of a free and independent elector, and say that he hoped the f. and i. e. would vote for Mr. Minter. 'That's all very well, sir,' the free and independent elector would reply, 'but gentlefolks never comes to me unless they 'spects me to do summat for 'em. I'll not do nothing for gentlefolks unless they do summat for me.'

Under these circumstances, would Mr. Flock inquire, 'What are you to do? The man's remark is from a certain point of view unanswerable. I think,' Mr. Flock would say, 'that the best thing to do is to accept the situation, and if you want the vote, to get it.'

In this way Mr. Flock had contrived to find outlets for the expenditure of a very considerable sum of money in excess of the three or four thousand pounds which Mr. Writeley had informed Mr. Minter would be required to carry his seat. How had that money been provided? It will be remembered that Mrs. Minter, at the commencement of the undertaking, had announced her intention of procuring her husband's return by all means which lay within her power, fair or foul, even should they involve the hypothecation of her, very dress from off her back. There was, indeed, little likelihood of her being reduced to this extremity; for, in the first place, Mrs. Minter's wardrobe was extensive; and, in the second place, Mrs. Minter had a very respectable little fortune, the management and disposition of which came completely within her own control. Never was there partizan like Mrs. Minter, and the zeal of her partizanship was exactly proportioned to her antipathy towards Mrs. Studley. The Golborough election was the one matter that haunted her night and day: the one question which she was perpetually asking herself was whether Mr. Minter was doing all he could and should to make the seat safe. Like many others of her attractive sex, Mrs. Minter was supposed to be somewhat sceptical as to the competency of masculine management. Something in the

spirit of the celebrated Spanish Emperor Don Alonzo, who remarked that if he had been consulted at the Creation, he could have suggested several improvements, Mrs. Minter was decidedly of opinion that Mr. Minter's policy would be grievously incomplete without her supervision. It was entirely in harmony with these views that in a moment of extreme restlessness, when she had inflicted a grievous amount of torture upon herself by picturing to her imagination the triumph of the Studley faction, and experiencing, by anticipation, the pangs of mortification which would be the results of that triumph, that she sat down to pen a letter to Mr. Damp, whom she had ascertained was Mr. Minter's agent, and was acting in his interest at Golborough. That letter need not be quoted *in extenso* here; we shall have occasion, unfortunately, to refer to it again. Briefly, it was to this effect: She (Mrs. Minter) knew how necessarily expensive elections were, and she knew, too, how ridiculously sensitive her husband was on all these points. What she wanted now to express to Mr. Damp was, that Mr. Minter's victory must be ensured at any cost, and that for all the funds which might be required he (Mr. Damp) might look to her. To cut a long story short, the result of this letter was that Mr. Flock had had more than one interview with Mrs. Minter in London, and that on each of these occasions he had returned with very much more about him, in the shape of coin of the realm, than he had come with. These interviews were, it is needless to say, conducted under promise of the profoundest secrecy; and Mr. Minter—whose conscience Mrs. Minter was in perpetual dread lest she should violate—knew as much about them as 'the man in the moon'—indeed not quite as much; for it turned out that this was a *soubriquet* which the inhabitants of Golborough gave the indefatigable Mr. Flock. Mr. Flock, therefore, knew far too much about matters in general to make it at all advisable or safe for Mr. Minter, or any of Mr. Minter's faction, to displease him. How Mr. Flock employed

his knowledge will be presently seen.

It is needless to dwell upon that most hackneyed of all stock subjects—a county election. The Golborough election was much what others are—there was the same amount of noise and banners, of oratory and of beer, of partizanship and of intoxication, that usually distinguishes these events. For a long time on the polling day the contest between Mr. Studley and Mr. Minter continued pretty even; but as the day waned, Mr. Minter's prospects brightened, and just before four o'clock the tide was decisively turned in his favour by a rush of free and independent electors, decorated with the Buff colours, to the polling booth. The result was that Mr. Minter was declared duly elected by a majority of forty.

Mr. Minter returned to town the same evening. Mrs. Minter felt disposed to illuminate all the windows of her house in Hyde Park Gardens to receive him.

'Thank goodness, Henry,' said that lady to him, with characteristic feminine charity, 'we have managed to "dish" Mrs. Studley!'

'Dish' was not, perhaps, an elegant word, but it was emphatic, and it probably described the position in which the wife of the defeated aspirant to senatorial honours found herself, and the sensations which she experienced very completely.

'Gracious powers!' said Mrs. Studley to her husband, 'fancy that detestable vulgarian and his wife having beaten us.'

'It is a nuisance—an infernal nuisance,' replied her husband, sipping his Burgundy. 'But what is there to be done?'

This dreamy after-dinner attitude of unresisting despair did not, however, at all suit the fiery temperament of the aggrieved Mrs. Studley.

'Do,' repeated that lady, 'do?' why, petition at once. You must let Mr. Flowett know immediately. It's quite impossible, of course, that Minter can have got in without terms of corruption. You must rout up every atom of evidence that there is.'

'Have you heard that Studley's

going to petition?' said Mr. Writeley, two days after the above conversation, to Mr. Minter on the steps of the Retrenchment.

'Petition!' answered that gentleman, 'the dence he is! Isn't there any way of stopping this, eh, Writeley?'

'I'm afraid not,' answered the great election agent of the Buff party. 'If what I've heard is true, there certainly is not; for it seems there is a lady in the case, and that Mr. Studley is perfectly infuriated at our success. From what I've heard this morning from Damp, I must candidly tell you that I don't like the look of the business.'

If Mr. Writeley had been consulted on the point, he would have told Mr. Minter that as regards election petitions there very generally was a lady in the case, and that mortified feminine ambition was far more frequently the cause of the opposition offered to the return of successful candidates than the world has any idea.

'I don't see why I should have any particular reason to fear,' returned Mr. Minter; 'so far as I know, everything was done on the square. At least,' he continued, correcting himself, 'as much as I suppose is ever possible. And if you come to that, I should think that *sans peur et sans reproche* is about the last motto which Studley could appropriately select.'

'It's always a bad sign,' returned the imperturbable Mr. Writeley, 'when women poke their heads into these matters.'

And Mr. Writeley's comment was undeniably sound.

III.

'Very well, Mr. Damp, those are my terms, and those terms I intend to have paid. It's not a halfpenny too much, seeing what I did. And if you won't let me have it, I'll make you regret it. Of that you may be quite sure. Five hundred down now, and a bill for two hundred at three months' date.'

The speaker of these words was Mr. Flock, and Mr. Flock was at

this moment in a very aggressive and uncompromising frame of mind. Hitherto the financial arrangements of Mr., or rather Mrs., Minter and her representative had been perfectly satisfactory to him. He had 'bled,' to employ his own language, that lady plentifully, and without encountering resistance; but the trampled worm will turn, and after yielding to repeated extortions, Mrs. Minter now fairly told Mr. Flock that she could pay him nothing more, and that he must go to Mr. Damp. To Mr. Damp he had gone accordingly, and with the result which has been stated above. Mr. Damp was quite firm; he had stated his terms, and he would not depart from them.

'That or nothing, Mr. Flock; make your own choice.'

'I'll have what I ask, or I will upset the whole lot of you.'

'Pshaw! Flock, don't talk nonsense; you'll do just what I say.'

'I've said what I'll do, and I'll go away and do it now.'

'You'll go away and come back in a far more reasonable frame of mind in half-an-hour,' said Mr. Damp.

'I'll see you——' but the remainder of this speech was inaudible, for Mr. Damp left the room and slammed the door.

Mr. Flock meant mischief. If there was one man in Golborough—and it is very much to be feared there were a great many—who was entirely incapable of understanding, or who persistently ignored the meaning of the word principle, that man was assuredly Mr. Flock.

Mr. Flock was in this instance quite as good as his word. On leaving Mr. Damp's presence, he at once went in quest of Mr. Studley, who had taken a house about a mile out of the town of Golborough for purposes of shooting. When Mr. Flock called, Mr. Studley was out. Mr. Studley had, in point of fact, gone to London on business, and would not be home for one or two days. Mr. Flock's business was extremely important. Was Mrs. Studley in? She was. Well, then, Mr. Flock would see that lady if she could give him a short

interview. Mrs. Studley, it appeared, on the servant's return, both could and would; and it may be well here to state, that when Mr. Flock sent in his name, he accompanied it with a hint that his call was dictated by motives in great measure political.

'It's a pity,' said this worthy, while waiting Mrs. Studley's advent into the drawing-room, 'if I can't play a card now which shall do for the hand of Messrs. Damp, Minter, and Co. I told Damp I wouldn't stand any humbug, and by George I won't!'

Mrs. Studley duly made her appearance, and addressed Mr. Flock in her most gracious manner.

It may be well to state, *in limine*, that the astute Mr. Flock had already gathered from the remarks which Mrs. Minter had on more than one occasion, in the course of their interviews, allowed to drop, that her desire for her husband's political success was greatly intensified by the nature of her personal feelings towards Mrs. Studley; and this gentleman, who was as capable of putting two and two together as most people, was not slow in concluding that Mrs. Studley would cordially reciprocate Mrs. Minter's measure of ill will. It was upon this conclusion that he now intended to base his negotiations. Mr. Flock, accordingly, coming to the point at once, stated to Mrs. Studley, with as much brevity as possible, that having heard it was Mr. Studley's intention to petition against Mr. Minter's return, he ventured now to call to see whether he might not be of some assistance, and whether, should Mr. Studley not have entirely made up his mind on the point, the information which he (Mr. Flock) was enabled to give might not have the effect of at once deciding him. This was news which caused Mrs. Studley to display evident signs that she was on the *qui vive*, and Mr. Flock adroitly proceeded to unfold his tale. Mrs. Studley could not suppress a feeling of uncomfortable doubt whether she was not doing something which she would subsequently regret by

accepting, as in listening to them she did, the propositions and suggestions of such a perfect embodiment of venality as Mr. Flock frankly represented himself to be. On the other hand, we know, 'sweet is revenge, especially to woman;' and, in the interest of justice, it was but right that such flagrant corruption as the Minter faction had not hesitated to practise should be remorselessly exposed. As for Mr. Flock, he kept his counsel. It was not his policy, he thought, to inform Mr. Damp immediately of what he had done; and so, when he received a letter from that gentleman, asking him whether he had not yet thought better of his proposal, he fenced the question, and replied to Mr. Damp that he was quite content to allow the matter to stand over. Meanwhile, the period for the opening of the inquiry into the Golborough election on the petition of Mr. Studley against the return of Mr. Minter was approaching. Mr. Minter, it must be confessed, felt very much the reverse of easy when he contemplated the proceedings. Mrs. Minter, it is true, kept the secret of her frequent communications and negotiations with Mr. Damp marvellously to herself. Somehow or other, however, Mr. Minter, with a vague sense of impending calamity, was haunted by a melancholy conviction that there had been a good deal more done in effecting his return than had met his eye or struck his ear; and when he mentioned the matter to Mr. Writeley, that gentleman did not disguise from him his opinion that the petition was an unfortunate occurrence. Mr. Damp, it may be well to say, had communicated to the head election agent of the Bufts the fact of Mr. Flock's obstinacy, and Mr. Writeley had written back to Mr. Damp, very strongly reprehending the course which he had adopted in not securing the silence of the auctioneer 'at any price.' As for Mr. Flock, he kept in the background, nor did Mr. Damp get an opportunity of speaking to him till the day before that which was appointed for the opening of the petition by

the judge appointed to try the case—Mr. Justice Bowles.

Golborough was in a great state of excitement. It was generally believed that the inquiry which was about to commence would result in some very astounding disclosures, and rumours were already flying about as to the excesses of venality which had been promiscuously perpetrated on both sides. It was known that the head election agent of both parties had come down from London, Mr. Flowett personally to cheer Mr. Studley on to victory, Mr. Writeley to keep up, so far as by his reinsurance he could, the drooping heart and the failing courage of Mr. Minter. It was not, however, known till quite the evening of the day that Mr. Flock had deserted, in consequence of a difference which he could not or would not adjust with Mr. Damp, and had fairly gone over to the enemy.

'Tell you I see'd him myself with the Blue people at the Lions'—the Lions was the hostelry which the Blues patronised—'a talking to Studley and that lawyer chap who's come down from London,' remarked Mr. Blogg, the grocer, to a fellow-townsmen.

'It's queer, too,' said another trader in the good town of Golborough; 'they always seemed to have so much money going. I shouldn't have thought they would have spared a few pounds to save a quarrel with Flock.'

'No, nor they wouldn't—a few hundreds neither,' remarked a third, 'if they hadn't been a set of fools. But that Damp, he's a reg'lar close-fisted customer. However, Flock'll play old Tommy with the whole lot of 'em. Why, the evidence he can produce is enough to lose the seat for Minter ten times over. I know that—and I have reason to know it—precious well.'

And Mr. Chubb, the chandler, grinned complacently, and ordered another gin hot with lots of sugar.

'It's all fine enough for them who has heaps of money,' put in another gentleman, by way of reply to the remark that 'there was no doubt about it—Minter bribed like a good 'un, he did'—'to go and say that

bribing's a sin, and all that; but what I say is, how would they act if they were situated as the likes of we are?

This argument was generally considered irrefragable, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the free and independent electors of Golborough assembled that evening in the parlour of the inn known as the *Honest Lawyer*—a sign the impossible realisation of which in real life was symbolised by the effigy of a decapitated attorney holding his head at arm's length.

'I say,' remarked Mr. Minter to Mr. Writeley, at the Warren Arms, the traditional head-quarters of the Buffs in Golborough, 'what's this? I am told by Damp that Flock's gone over to Studley, and is routing up a tremendous deal of evidence against us.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Writeley. 'I say, Damp, what's this?' for at this moment Mr. Damp was announced.

Mr. Damp was obliged to say that so it was. Rage vividly overspread the features of Mr. Writeley's face.

'That's all the fault of your cursed stupidity, Damp,' returned the great election agent of the Buffs. 'How infernally Flowett will chuckle to himself! Cleverly done, I must say. Can't make out how they managed to keep it all so much to themselves.'

But springing mines was Mr. Flowett's great forte. Indeed, that gentleman was wont to say that, like the mole, he conducted all his operations under ground.

'I wonder what Mrs. Minter will say now to her tactics,' remarked Mrs. Studley at the same time to her husband and Mr. Flowett.

If this trio could have been endowed with the powers of Asmodeus they would have perceived at that moment a very tragic scene indeed enacted between Mr. and Mrs. Minter. Mrs. Minter had heard the dreadful intelligence of Mr. Flock's secession, and naturally enough she began to have some misgivings as to her handiwork. Consequently she thought that the best thing for her to do was to make a clean breast of the whole matter to her lord and

master. This gentleman was at first disposed to be furious. 'Just like your woman's meddlesomeness!' he exclaimed. But Mr. Minter was naturally soft-hearted, and Mrs. Minter's tears rapidly subdued his passion. 'Oh, Henry, what have I done?' said the poor lady, sobbing.

'Ah! my dear Ann,' returned Mr. Minter, 'why didn't you take my advice, and content yourself with the crib in Surrey.'

The morning came, and with it the opening of the inquiry. As to the results which were elicited in the course of it, there is no need to recapitulate them at any length here. They may be found by any one who cares to explore the columns of the various numbers of the daily papers, referring to that date, duly chronicled under the head of 'Election Petition Intelligence; Revelations Extraordinary at Golborough.' And extraordinary, beyond a doubt, these revelations were. The first day of the inquiry was entirely occupied by the evidence which Mr. Flock gave. This gentleman told everything, gave a full, true, and particular account of his interviews in London with Mrs. Minter, as well as of the financial results which accompanied them. Mrs. Studley, who was in the court, grinned with stern satisfaction. As for Mrs. Minter, she could barely sustain herself, with the assistance of the stimulus of potent smelling salts, in the solitude of her bedroom at the Warren Arms. Mr. Flowett chuckled, and said he had never heard of anything so clumsily done. Mr. Studley smiled. Mr. Writeley swore, and Mr. Damp thought of emigrating to New York straight away. As for Mr. Flock, he rejoiced with the joy of the malignant Caliban which he was.

The evidence which cropped out on the second day did not give such unmingled satisfaction to the Studley party as that of its predecessor. Far too much was said of Mr. Studley's nursery system, and of his gratuities as well as of his agents to the citizens of Golborough on the eve of the election to be pleasing. The spirit of the Minterites rose in proportion.

Amid such alternations of evidence as these the proceedings terminated, and it was announced that the judge would deliver his verdict. It was extremely lengthy; indeed it occupied about four hours. Mr. Justice Bowles possessed considerable power of speaking his mind, and he spoke it pretty strongly. He characterised all the proceedings as disgraceful and abominable. He adverted to the untoward influences of misplaced feminine political ambition, which caused a laugh to run round the court, and he censured Mr. Flock in the severest terms which the English language could supply. Finally, he said, that so utterly corrupt, rotten, and abominable, was the state of things at Golborough, and so clear was it that Mr. Studley systematically sought to extend his

influence by improper means, that while he declared that Mr. Minter was not duly elected, it was quite impossible for him to declare that Mr. Studley was. It was his duty, therefore, to recommend her Majesty to send down a royal commission to inquire into the state of things at Golborough, and this he should do.

Such was the announcement of Mr. Justice Bowles. Mrs. Studley, who was in court anticipating triumph, was carried out in a fainting fit. Mr. Studley took it better than could be expected. Mr. Flowett ground his teeth. As for Mrs. Minter, her exclamation was one of gratitude that her loss was not at any rate Mrs. Studley's gain. As for Mr. Minter, it is pretty certain that he will not aspire to Parliamentary honours again.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

MICHAELMAS TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE University of Cambridge just now is in a very abnormal and transitory condition. Those who remember it with its settled air of mathematical certainty and calm will hardly be able to understand the utterly topsy-turvy condition at which all things of town and gown, buildings and studies, things earthly and unearthly, are reduced at the commencement of the present term. We believe that order will be evoked from the chaos, but at the present moment the chaos seems certain, and the order is only in some respects problematical. The University is exhibiting just now a great academic revolution—a great architectural revolution. Everywhere there are great destructions and great renovations. There is an army of more than a thousand workmen busy at Cambridge. Even picturesque little Queen's, quiet and somewhat decaying, is making a great splash of stones and mortar in front of its

unambitious portal. The magnificent chapel of St. John's is fast approaching its completion, although many of the stained windows which have been so long ordered have not yet arrived. The magnificent frontage of Caius College, though almost lost in the narrowness of the street, will be probably the most remarkable addition to Cambridge after the glorious chapel of St. John. In fact there is hardly a college in Cambridge which is not, or has not, been exhibiting unwonted activity and expenditure in regard to the material fabric. The most remarkable accomplished facts of late are respectively the completion of the Whewell quadrangles, and the new buildings of the Union Society. We could trace the course of prosperous improvement in various details. Thus in Trinity College alone, in addition to libraries and other bequests, we have Mr. Woolner's busts of Sedgwick and Tennyson in the library, and

in the chapel the noble statue of Lord Macaulay, to which will soon be deservedly added the statue of that great benefactor of his college and university, William Whewell. We only trust that the extraordinary chaos and confusion presented by the public works offered no obstacles to the even course of undergraduate work. In particular we did not very well see how the men at Caius College would for some time get the use of their renovated chapel.

This external confusion and activity seems also to symbolize the organic changes which are at work in the constitution and character of the University. In two most important directions Cambridge is about to follow the lead of Oxford. Cambridge has in so much gathered wisdom from the example of her exemplary sister, that no Cantab will mind, that here as on the river, she should for a while follow in the wake of Oxford. Cambridge is just now putting into action the system of unattached students. Next year a Tripos of Law and Modern History, corresponding with the now famous Oxford school, is coming into action. The question is, how far these Oxford institutions will bear transplanting to a Cambridge soil. The system of unattached students is the greatest movement that could possibly be made in the direction of university extension. The success of the experiment is still problematical at Oxford, but the results hitherto obtained are highly hopeful. This Michaelmas term is fraught with the deepest interest and anxiety in many minds and many homes. Nearly two thousand young men are pouring into Cambridge from all parts of the country, more than a third of them for the first time. At Oxford they enter rather more sporadically, but at Cambridge all undergraduates commence residence in the present term. Among them will be many genuine specimens of the poor scholar. For these Alma Mater has minimized all her expenses, and thrown the gates of knowledge widely open to all comers. With the exception of a few inconsiderable fees, a poor scholar may live at Oxford or Cam-

bridge with no greater expense of living than would be the case anywhere else. He is liberated from ordinary college expenses, but he will obtain the university degree, and at any time, through successful competition, he may be affiliated into college life. At the same time we do not attach to this movement the same importance as to the corresponding Oxford movement. The reason is simple. Cambridge already gives abundant helps and rewards to poor scholars. She is poor, miserably poor, as a university, but in her college revenues she is rich. In the various colleges she gives away some fifty thousand a year to undergraduates, in scholarships and prizes. Oxford, which is rich as a corporate university, hardly gives such an extent of prizes to her alumni. Hence poor scholars have chances at Cambridge which they do not possess at Oxford; while at Oxford the unattached system is the only possible system for many poor men. Hence we think that the importance of the unattached system, which at Oxford can hardly be overrated, may at Cambridge be easily exaggerated. On the other hand, we think that the introduction of a Law and History school at Cambridge possesses a very high degree of significance. This school at Oxford has proved immensely popular. It considerably outnumbers the mathematical school. It seems very exactly to meet the characteristics of the Oxford mind. We are of opinion that a larger tincture of this spirit might advantageously be imported into Cambridge. The Cambridge ideal is accuracy; the Oxford ideal is taste; the former loves verbal scholarship, the latter, abstract speculation. The wide field of modern history, with its many questions that can only tentatively tend to a solution, will show that there are more things in heaven and earth than can be proved to the satisfaction of the dons of demonstration.

There is one large Cambridge scheme, towards which a vast sum has been already raised, to which we can give our warmest wishes—the cleansing and improving of the

Cam. The narrowness of their stream, at times almost choked with the American weed, is the greatest obstacle to obtaining the coveted supremacy on the water. The occasional practice on the Thames will never make up for the nature of the habitual practice on the Cam. The river flowing through groves and lawns, beneath frequent arches, cannot be improved in the loveliness of its surroundings; but its wave is dull though not deep, and may be taught by art to minister better to academic necessities. The purifying of the stream may be emblematic of a further purifying of academic life through all its varying strata. University manners, despite the unclean libels of 'Formosa,' show most satisfactory progress. It is a common remark that university men spend less money but they spend it more wisely; and tradesmen, as a rule, make fewer bad debts. Still there are reforms among the Seniors which may be hopefully expected. The phenomena presented by the system of married fellows—a system that would have simply petrified the dons of the last generation—are as yet somewhat discordant and disappointing; but this, after the period of fusion, will probably work better. The University Press, instead of being a source of expense and weakness to the university, may, to Cambridge or to Oxford, prove a prolific source of revenue. At this commencement of her academic year we have every good hope for Cambridge, and all things are hopeful. It is impossible to limit her rate of progress or the goal whither it advances.

MORNINGS AT A STUDIO.

If you really want to lounge away a morning, and yet to make the lounge not unprofitable, you cannot do better than go to the studio of an artist. He is not a business man, or a man who makes literature a business, for in that case he would probably look on your laziness with ill-disguised impatience. But the artist is to be considered as even favourable to such interruptions; he

is, *ex hypothesi*, a being whose bonhomie is imperturbable; he does not consider himself to be superior to criticisms and suggestions; moreover, a studio is essentially a place to be visited as a means of publicity and possible custom to its owner. The artist will indeed work ferociously hard at times, and at such seasons he will desire to be, or will make himself, invisible; but on the other hand laziness is a very large and pleasing component in his character. You are perhaps like the little boy in one of those moral tales that adorn the spelling-book. The little boy asked the bee to play with him, but the bee had to make honey; and implored the cow, but the cow had to make milk; and the horse had an engagement to draw a carriage; and the sheep had no time to spare from the formation of mutton, and so the virtuous little boy declared that as nothing else was idle he must not be idle, and goes off to school to learn his verbs. The artist prevents you from forming a similar virtuous determination. Other people will not be idle with you; the barrister has his brief, the journalist his leaders, the parson his sermon, the member his blue book; but the artist will probably say, 'with all my heart.' And he will lounge away the morning with you in his studio, or he will put on that raffish cap and cut-away coat, and be ready for anything you like.

Your artist, however, is not a very good man to walk. Somehow he knocks up, I think, more easily than other men. When he takes the open air he takes it in a sedentary point of view, with his canvas opposite to him and a big umbrella over his head. You had better talk with him in his studio than by the wayside, and in his studio he has much wayside talk to give you. It is the happy peculiarity of artists that much comes to them in a business-like and professional way, that other people can only partake of as a most positive kind of relaxation. They go mooning about in the lanes and woods and in stately parks, and find picturesque little hostels by the seaside, or in

the vicinity of some decaying abbey, or amid the lakes and mountains. And where you only stop a day or two, and then press on to the next place marked down in your inexorable plan of tour, he will linger on week after week, or even month after month, and then having taken the blossom of the fleeting summer in its loveliest aspects, he will blandly tell you that he has been working very hard, and that he must take his enjoyment out of the winter months in town. And sitting then, with the fire burning low in the grate, he will tell you one ravishing story after another of the summer months. There never were such streams, such woods, such ruins, such sunrises and sunsets, such aerial perspectives, as those which he has been painting. And he found a farm-house close by, as picturesque and convenient as farm-house could be, with hay-fields and corn-fields such as Gainsborough or Constable would have loved and painted. The cost was little indeed; coins were not often seen in that primitive region, and their use was only imperfectly comprehended. The villagers looked on him as a grand seigneur, and yet he was admitted into all the secrets of their innermost life—that lower class life which is as impenetrable to the ordinary middle class as the lowest strata beneath their feet—and could tell of dances in barns and cottage flirtations that had the genuine aroma of the simplicity of the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

Sometimes such Arcadian experiences are not without results. I am afraid that occasionally the artist has been the incognito hero of the little romance he divulges. But he chiefly leaves such for amateurs, fellows who have not got their living to gain by the brush, and can afford to sentimentalize. If the flirtation becomes very deep with the farmer's daughter, and by and by the bells of the village church are set pealing because the rustic beauty is wedded to the fine gentleman who came down from London to paint the scenery, ten to one the artist is an amateur and not a professional. I am no stranger to such

cases; but in each instance it has been the monied amateur whose pictures won't sell, and not the working artist whose paintings and drawings command their price. And what satisfactory prices they get, too. A friend of mine went and asked a man in the full flush of work to do an etching for him. 'What will you give?' was the question put with laconic point and brevity. 'Twelve guineas,' replied my friend. 'Twelve guineas,' replied Prospero, not without contempt; 'why, I should lose money by you. Your etching would take me nearly the whole morning.'

Similarly about models. Whatever your amateur may do, the artist would as soon think of falling in love with his laundress as with his model. He paints the bust or leg of his model at a shilling or eighteen pence an hour as coolly as a surgeon might by and by dissect the same. Sometimes the model will hardly appreciate such neglect. Her eyes have flashed back scornful indifference. Of course there have been painters, and very eminent painters too, who have married their models; but you may easily count up such painters on the fingers of one hand: and I don't think they have done so injudiciously in the long run. I am not answering at all for the amateur. He can afford to marry, and he marries as he likes. Perhaps it would be better for him if he couldn't afford it. As a rule, your romantic marriage generally turns out an unfortunate affair.

I go now to a sculptor's studio. He shall be the most fashionable of sculptors, and his studio ought rather to be described in the plural, for it is made up not of a room but of a range of rooms. He will talk, but somewhat curtly, for he is the rage just now, and his eyes are envious of every ray of daylight. To-day is for him, but he does not know for whom to-morrow is to be; and he must make his fortune, if it is to be made, before the coming man cuts the ground from beneath his feet. Many and most interesting are the reminiscences that he too has got to tell of the recess. It has hardly been the recess to him.

He has been to one great house after another, busy with his work. There is the great statesman. He sat to him three hours a day for three weeks this summer. It is hard indeed to chain down in marble those exquisitely mobile features. Again and again the Minister would be interrupted, or would interpolate interruptions, during the sittings. But there was nothing pleasanter when he would really relax and talk about art and Italy, poetry and scholarship. And at dinner he heard some of the best talk talked, and drank some of the best wines drunk in the kingdom. He picked up commission after commission here, and perhaps was able to have two sitters in the same house. Look at this thoughtful invalid philosopher. Did you ever see eyes so deeply sunk beneath such broad, shaggy, commanding brows? One would hardly imagine that so great a man would care for the comparative triviality of a statue. But what a pleasure and honour to gaze so often and fully on that furrowed, thought-seamed face, to hear his deep accents, and perhaps gain from his own lips a further insight into his far-reaching speculations. And here is the fashionable poet; and here the beauty who imagines that her arms might serve for the Aphrodité Anadyomené; and here the vulgar M.P. whose constituents have determined on setting up a golden idol in their market-place; and here a still more vulgar millionaire who has determined that his statue shall be done by the hand of genius, and I only hope that the hand of genius will determine that an enormous fee shall be thrust into its palm for doing so. My friend has a strongly-marked line of his own, but I will not describe it—whether he is one who insists upon pre-Raphaelite distinctness and accuracy, and remorselessly renders every defect, or whether he glorifies the subject he touches, and converts even stringy or ropy locks of hair into a sort of human floriculture. There is little doubt but the latter system must be adopted, at least partially, if you want to put your art on a sound

commercial basis. But of course neither the great sculptor nor yet the illustrious subject will condescend to all the details. A prize-fighter may sit for the earl's legs, and the said legs may be handed over to the assistants. As work accumulates the assistants may have more and more to do, but the face and the immortal touches are reserved for the artist. And wonderful is the instinct and genius of the artist who reproduces not a mere photograph—for after all a photograph may be a bad likeness that chronicles only the passing moment—but brings into expression the sum of the thought and action and passion of years.

To my mind there is no more satisfactory talk than that of the studio, with its science of the human form and visage, its lore of the human heart, its careless frankness, its acute perceptions and delicate criticisms. Of course these men talk 'shop,' how such pictures are going up and such going down in the market, and R.A.s are objugated, and hanging is too good for the Hanging Committee, and such and such are the great forthcoming triumphs of the Academy. All sorts of men may talk this shop except scholars, and when they talk their particular kind of shop it is called pedantry. For my own part I am most tolerant of 'shop.' I like it, first, because it shows that men are really fraternizing with you, at least *pro tem.*; and in the next place, this is the best way for thoroughly getting into their groove or line. Any one who knows Rome will tell you that his happiest hours are spent in the studios there, and even in London you may for a time fancy that you are in Rome.

HUNTING WATERFALLS.

There is one kind of tourist travel which you may prosecute as late as you like in the season or out of the season; and the heavier the rainfall, and the more boisterous the weather, the more promising and successful will be your expedition. This is what Wordsworth calls the 'hunting of waterfalls.' The phrase is an exceedingly good one, for it is

not enough that you should turn out of the road to look at a waterfall, but the best waterfalls are generally placed in almost inaccessible localities, and then you have to work your way up the gorge before you have really explored the fall. Now in the summer time waterfalls are really a great imposition. 'Aira force that torrent hoarse,' is, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind. An effect, partly similar, might be produced by an old woman with a watering can. It is after heavy rains or in the depth of winter that you see the waterfall in its own season and in its proper charms. If you are tolerably hardy and robust, make the experiment even in December. The whole lake country is girdled and encircled by the railway system, and the lines run up to the very shores of the lakes. Nature does not come to an end when the excursion trains cease to run, and winter and waterfalls go excellently together.

It may be broadly said that there are two kinds of tourists. There is the carriage tourist, and there is the genuine walking tourist. The first system is the more luxurious; but the second is absolutely necessary if you want to see the country. It is all very well to loll in a carriage, as you roll along by the margin of a lake, and to go on the water in a cushioned boat, to dream away your days in pleasant hotels opening on woods and waters, to ascend hills so far as good roads, good rides, good mules will take you. I trust I have a keen and well-educated sense of such enjoyments. But I admit, at the same time, that fine scenery requires a severer system. The hunting of waterfalls certainly involves such. Let no fine-weather tourist venture on the experiment. You wait for a propitious day; that is the first day after the heavy rains. The path is a watercourse simply; the slopes are mimic waterfalls in themselves. You had better take goloshes; they save you at first, to a certain extent, but they are of course eventually torn to pieces by the stones and the moraines. You do not so much

walk as make a series of kangaroo leaps from one stone or crag to another. If it was raining yesterday, of course it will rain again some time to-day. With all your exertions you make a very slow progress, and you are now fully able to understand the slow progress of troops over heavy ground. The general physiological effect upon your system, from the rain without and the dew within, is precisely analogous to a Turkish bath; and the best rule is, when thoroughly wet through and wearied out, to betake yourself to hot blankets and hot brandy and water.

There is one idiotic remark which one frequently hears in the Lakes, 'Oh, but you ought to have seen the Alps.' As if a beautiful object is really less beautiful, because elsewhere there is also something that is beautiful, or perhaps more beautiful. This remark always flings me into a state of dreadful irritation. One is glad to have seen the Alps, if only because it leaves one at liberty to admire the Westmoreland and Cumberland ranges. The foreground is, in point of fact, just as fine, as a rule, as the Swiss scenery, only we miss the background of snowy mountains. In compensation we have that wonderful throng of minute beauties which hardly belongs to the bolder and sublimer Swiss views. Neither can the most experienced Swiss climber afford to think cheaply of our northern hills. It is not so long ago that a man took his departure, alpenstock in hand, from John Ritson's, at the head of Wastwater, to go up Scawfell. That experienced guide—whose modest inn, engrafted on the dalesman's farmhouse, is so welcome to tired pedestrians across the Black Sail Pass—warned him against the attempt when ice and snow were over all the ground. The traveller said he knew Switzerland thoroughly well, and so could venture on these mountains. 'You need not go to Switzerland to break your neck,' said honest John. So the traveller went up Great Gable (I think it was), and broke his neck and was brought down on a ladder. They use ladders

here in case of any accident, as almost the only thing that can be grasped at along the steep paths. But hardly a season passes without accidents. Almost the very night that I came up Ennerdale, then reduced to a morass by the rains, and came down the Black Sail in the dark, a poor guide was lost on Coniston Old Man. They saw by the tracks next morning that his ponies had gone round and round him all the night.

For the genuine tourist there are no hostels and neighbourhood more enjoyable than the head of Wastwater and the head of Ennerdale. The pretty little 'Angler's Inn' at Ennerdale, with the water almost covering its steps, is a picture. You find in Wastwater holdings that have been held on from father to son ever since the times of the Tudors. It is the grandest bit of all the lake scenery for the mountains, and you may obtain near here the Scottish view stretching to Ben Lomond, to be recognized by its peculiar shoulder. Of course there is a waterfall close by here. Only a pretty cascade in ordinary weather, indeed, but in stormy times it has been known to bring down enough earth and of granite boulders to stop the outlet of the lake. Such is the nature of the waterfall, which makes it desirable to see the 'forces' in their own season. The ingenuous mind Mr. E. A. Freeman would be delighted with the method of fox-hunting on these fells. For, let it be said, to the equal horror of sportsmen, men go out after foxes with guns. For it is not a matter of sport, but of internecine warfare between farmers and foxes, who pillage his lambs and his poultry on an alarming scale. But even here—and it is an argument against Mr. Freeman—in spite of the guns, they cannot dispense with the fox's natural enemy, the dog. For the dog will kill him more surely, and pursue him on the fells where the sportsman cannot follow, even in his aim.

The waterfall that is more familiar to that vague entity the public mind is Lodore, made notorious by Southey's lines, which would re-

quire some qualification if applied to Niagara, and are simply ridiculous when applied to Lodore. There is a good deal of difficulty about the Lodore falls, for a new and very good inn having been opened at Borrowdale, the Lodore Hotel people have put all who go there in an 'Index Expurgatorius,' and will give no admittance to visitors from the new hotel who wish to visit those lower falls of Lodore, which are best seen in the grounds of the old hotel. This argues a very morose and unhealthy state of mind somewhere. My own impression is that the public, by long usage, has acquired a right of way, and that the law is on the side of baffled and ejected tourists. Having determined on operations, we took some sherry and soda at the latter inn, and went as a matter of course into the grounds. Here we were promptly confronted by a small and very imperious boy, who demanded whether we were staying at the Borrowdale Hotel. We explained to the youth that we had been through a process of 'restauration' at his own hotel, and beyond that we declined to criminate ourselves, alleging that he had no right to put questions to an Englishman. The small boy considered our reply evasive and unsatisfactory, and avowed a dark suspicion that he had seen us at the large hotel. Having forthwith demolished the small boy, although a big lout with a pitchfork ran up to help him, we proceeded to scale the gorge. There was rather a difficult moraine, and we had to thread our way through a pathless plantation, which by the side of the stream had an almost tropic closeness of air and abundance of vegetation. Let the tourist, instead of entering on litigation or attempting the *vi et armis* plan, since even an appeal to the 'Times' has failed, ascend the hill, behind the inn, which will soon bring him to the higher and better falls, for unless you have seen them you have not really seen Lodore. When you have climbed the gorge you emerge from the wood on a table-land, and not far off you come to that most secluded tarn from which the cascade is fed.

The friend who scaled the gorge of the Lodore fall with me was a poet, and I willingly transfer to my pages some lines that will give them a value not their own.

'Oh quiet tarn, uplifted on the hills,
Thy face is filled full of the light of heaven.
No factory soot thy ministering rills,
Nor restless traffic o'er thy waves is driven.

But bosomed gently mid the swelling fells,
Thou, in thine azure loveliness, dost rest
Like a great sapphire gem, that silent dwells
In glorious splendour on a woman's breast.

And silver-mailed children of the deep,
Mute, in calm beauty, thy clear waters part;
As in the tranquil hours of holy sleep,
Glide quiet thoughts through girlhood's purest heart.

And of heaven's light thou keepest still account,
So hast thou done while ages past thee trod;
As Moses' face on the calm desert mount
Shone from his lonely communing with God.

Ah! would like thine, my life were full of heaven,

But now, I fear me, it is all too late.

No second morning unto man is given;

I can admire thee, yet not imitate.'

But unquestionably the finest waterfall in the whole Lake district is Scale Force. You visit it from any of that group of sublime lakes, Buttermere, Crummock Water, Loweswater, which with Ennendale and Wastwater make up the secluded lakes, in contrast to those watery thoroughfares of Derwentwater, Windermere, Ulswater, and Conistone. The lakes, like the waterfalls, ought to be seen in stormy weather. The effect is truly remarkable. No boat could live on them for five minutes. The water is regularly torn up, ploughed, or rather churned, by the winds. You might have imagined the scene wrapped in the smoke of a furious cannonade, the spray, scattered by the winds, almost scaling the surrounding hills. To visit the waterfalls I took up my abode at the quaint little inn identified with the sad story of Mary of Buttermere. That story is often romantically exaggerated, but the real facts are stranger than the poetical story. The lover was no man of noble family, or in any degree deserving of compassion for his ultimate destiny at the hands of the hangman. The marriage with the pretty maid of the inn was a bigamous marriage;

he was simply a vulgar cheat, swindler, liar, and impostor. The odd points about his career that render him a psychological study were these: he suffered in great measure through his insane vanity, forging franks while he represented himself to be an 'honourable' and M.P. Secondly, he seems to have had a passionate love of scenery, and wandered about the lakes and mountains in search of the sublime and beautiful, while he had the most harrowing appeals from his deserted wife and children in his pocket, and was meditating swindling and bigamy in his head. He and the poet Coleridge appear to have had some knowledge of each other in some curious and unexplained way, perhaps through some west country connection. The criminal dreaded to meet Coleridge, and Coleridge always spoke of him with undisguised horror. The heroine became unheroically fat, and, marrying a farmer, settled down somewhere near Carlisle.

Crummock Water seemed tranquil enough after the rains, but it was adjudged unsafe to cross it, as being liable, in such unsettled weather, to sudden dangerous gusts. The road round that seemed so long was in reality very arduous, occupying four hours. People must make up their minds not to hunt waterfalls in their season unless they can stand a full amount of exposure and fatigue. Ladies who attempt it are apt to sit down on stones in the most imbecile way, and declare, with some truth, that they cannot go a step farther. One of them, under such circumstances, feebly said that she should like to sit there 'until the moon should rise,' being in utter uncertainty of its time of rising. Scale Force is certainly exceedingly well worth seeing. It has some sort of shadowy resemblance to a cañon of Colorado. The water comes down in a sheer single leap, as if through the shaft of a mine. Black perpendicular crags of syenite rise on either side, slimy and dripping with water, while shrubs and trees project from the deep crevices and clefts.

What, after all, is the peculiar

charm, the solemn fascination of a noble waterfall? How would you analyse that emotion which it rarely, if ever, fails to awaken? It is not alone the hue, the glitter, the spray, the volume, the roar, the height, the depth, the glory. I think we may proceed beyond this class of sensations. The waterfall, beyond all inorganic matter, is a thing of life. It is a living form with a sense of strength and undeviating force. In its constant movement and whirl,

it has its analogies with human life. This is heightened by the loneliness and awe with which it is almost uniformly invested. There is something, too, in the vehement stream as it bounds over the ledge, which reminds us of human destiny, as we, too, 'shoot the rapids of life.'*

* We would wish especially to call attention to the great merits of the new edition of Mr. Murray's Guide to the Lake, published this year.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

COLD!—bitterly cold!
 The moon is bright
 And the snow is white
 Beautiful to behold.
 But the wind is howling
 Like hungry prowling
 Wolves on the wintry wold.
 Cold!—bitterly cold!

My shawl is ragged and old—
 The hearth deserted and dark,
 Gladdened by never a spark;
 And my only light
 Is the pitiless white,
 That the moonbeams spill
 Silvery-chill,
 Cruelly—splendidly bright,
 This frosty winter's night—
 Cold!—bitterly cold!

Ease, more precious than gold,
 Rest, little one, rest!
 Sleep, my own one,
 Slumber, thou lone one,
 Clasped to thy mother's breast.
 Though thin and wasted her form
 Her arms shall enfold
 And shield thee from cold,
 For the love in her breast is warm,
 Though the chill night-breeze
 May the life-blood freeze—
 Cold!—bitterly cold!

Cold!—bitterly cold!
 My eyes are dim,
 And my senses swim,
 And racking pains are in every limb,—



Illustration

From the "Mystic" series

By the artist of the "Mystic" series

Glance the solemn fascination of a
 water-fall?—How would you
 escape that emotion which it rarely
 fails to awaken? It is not
 alone the hue, the glitter, the spray,
 the volume, the roar, the height,
 the depth, the glory. I think we
 may proceed beyond this class of
 sensations. The waterfall, beyond
 all inorganic matter, is a thing of
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 of strength and undeviating force.
 In its constant movement and whirl,

it has its analogies with human life.
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 too, 'shoot the rapids of life.'*

* We would wish especially to call at-
 tention to the great merits of the new
 edition of Mr. Murray's Guide to the Lakes,
 published this year.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Cold!—bitterly cold!
 The moon is bright
 And the snow is white
 Beautiful to behold
 But why should I be sorry
 That the moon should be bright
 And the snow be white
 Cold!—bitterly cold!

My shawl is ragged and old—
 The hearth deserted and dark,
 Gladdened by never a spark;
 And my only light
 Is the pitiless white,
 That the moonbeams spill
 Silvery-chill,
 Cruelly—splendidly bright,
 This frosty winter's night—
 Cold!—bitterly cold!

Have, white posies than gold,
 Rust, little one, rest!
 Sleep, my own one,
 Slumber, thou lone one,
 Clasped to thy mother's breast,
 Though thin and wasted her form
 Her arms shall enfold
 And shield thee from cold,
 For the love in her breast is warm,
 Though the chill night-breeze
 May the life-blood freeze—
 Cold!—bitterly cold!

Cold!—bitterly cold!
 My eyes are dim,
 And my senses swim,
 And rocking pains are in every limb,—



Drawn by the late T. Morten.)

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

(See the Page)



I am prematurely old!
 Foodless and fireless,
 Almost attireless,
 Wrapt in rags so scanty and thin
 With bones that stare through the colourless skin,
 Weary and worn,
 Tattered and torn,
 If I should wish I had ne'er been born—
 Tell me, is it a sin?
 Cold world!—bitterly cold!

T. H.

DALILAH REVISED.

B LUE Eyes saith that I 'am cold,'
 Shakes her locks of rippling gold,
 Arches both her shoulders white,
 Takes at me a studied 'sight.'

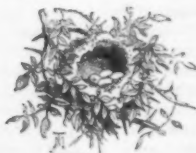
'Neath her lashes cunningly,
 Thinking I cannot espy,
 Trick, well-worn, used-up device,
 'Twill entrap no lover twice.

Blue Eyes thinks herself *so* sly,
 Versed in all her wiles am I:
 Try another man, fair rover,
 My Dalilah days are over!

Sunny locks and azure eyes
 For themselves I cannot prize,
 Save the heart be golden, too;
 So I'm not the man for you.

Oh, that eyes so blue should be
 As deceitful as the sea;
 Blue, and still, and calm, and fair,
 But cruel shipwreck lurking there!

Look around, my lady fair,
 Dettly smooth thy glossy hair,
 Put on soft blushes. Simper twice,
 Sir Bullion comes! *He'll pay the price!*



A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

THE day after our arrival at Vernet-les-Bains, being Sunday, was devoted to absolute rest for man and beast. But while strolling beside a watercourse, I found one of the less common ferns hereabouts, the *Cystopteris fragilis*, and immediately appropriated it. What a pity the heat was so overpowering! One specimen, if it does not make, often assures you of, many. So on Monday, after *déjeuner*, in spite of the blazing weather, we determined to attempt a little ascent, namely to the Abbey of St. Martin du Canigou, one lady mounted on little *gran' père* Coucou, another on a native brown-black she-ass, self and their attendant on foot. We accomplished it; and it was worth the trouble, although the trouble was considerable. Towards the close of the climb, there are several what are called *mauvais pas*, nasty bits of mule-path, where prudence suggests that it is wise to dismount and walk, purchasing safety by a little extra fatigue. On the way up, the she-ass showed refractory symptoms. We soon discovered their obvious cause. Instead of an ordinary crupper, they had fastened the poor beast's saddle with a broad strap behind, in such a way as completely to interfere with her personal comforts. This remedied, she became a perfect ass, a model and a pattern to the rest of her sisterhood.

The path is green-skirted and tolerably shady until you reach the little village of Casteil, through which you have to run the gauntlet, the beggars (apparently well-to-do peasants) being even more intolerable than the sunbeams. We would direct the Mayor of Casteil's attention to the fact—it has a mayor, this knot of hill-side hovels—that the regulation Ordonnance 'La Mendicité est défendue dans le Département des Pyrénées Orientales' seems unknown in the hamlet which he administers. Mendicity, if prohibited, is practised there, in a style approaching to highway robbery. The quadrupeds having the advan-

tage of four legs, while I have only two, they and their conductor soon left me lagging alone behind. Even before I could reach Casteil, a sturdy old woman, come down to sell a basket of raspberries, asked charity in a tone which plainly told me that if she had been the stronger and I the weaker, my purse would have been in jeopardy. In the village, on our return (and you *must* come back by the way you went), we had to confront a knot of men and women sitting on either side of the street in wait for us. One of these ladies told her child to hold out her hand to the pedestrian—of course a millionaire; else, how should he get to the Pyrenees? As I gave nothing—for it is not included in the Ten Commandments that you are to take your walks abroad heavily laden with sous—she contemptuously exclaimed in excellent French, though Catalan would come more readily to her tongue, 'Pauvre bête!'—'Poor beast!' Really, the mayor does not favour his administrés with a sufficiently strong sample of personal government; or perhaps the mayor, now and then, takes a turn at begging himself.

Barring the mendicants, the excursion was certainly well worth taking. What a sublime view we got, in consequence of our closeness to it, of the time-worn buttresses of the Canigou overhead, and of Vernet's pastures and watercourses, smiling and dancing beneath our feet! What charming plants and unknown flowers; what strange lizards, grasshoppers, and butterflies! But never in my life did I—not *perspire* so much; the expression is too weak; but—melt so thoroughly into water. To give some idea of the power of the sun's rays, in a parapet wall, which edged a precipice, was a large block of iron ore. I laid my hand upon it, but could not keep it there; the brown stone was too burning hot. And in spite of that, what plants! What ferns in the interstices of stones and rocks! The bright-red starry

flower of a little spiderweb house-leek was particularly charming and curious. Unaccustomed forms of insect life might be expected, and there they were. And this is only one little half-step upwards, compared with the complete ascent of the Canigou!

I rejoiced to find sundry vigorous tufts of the little grass-like *Asplenium septentrionale*, by no means a common fern, and which I had never seen before in a living state. With these, some *Cystopterises*, and other younglings about whose parentage I felt less sure, I next day filled a tin Albert-biscuit-box, stuffing the crannies with spiderweb house-leeks, sedums, and other trifles, and sent them off by 'Grande Vitesse,' to be carefully nursed till our return. It was a pity that almost all the ferns (except those common at home) which we found in the Oriental Pyrenees, require either a greenhouse or unusually warm and sheltered sites in England. Thus, at Amélie we could easily have gathered barrowfulls of the true Maidenhair, *Adm. Capillus-veneris*, and we found small quantities of the pretty *Asplenium fontanum* and its broader variety, *Halleri*. But for *Allosorus crispus*, *Asplenium pyrenaicum*, and the rarer hardy or alpine ferns, you must scale the Canigou as far as—as the chinks and crannies where they are to be found.* But the dog-days are not the time for the search. You may buy even botanical gold too dear.

I saw enough, however, to be convinced that the best, perhaps the only way of exploring the floral treasures of the mountain (reputed to be the richest in that respect in France) would be to come after the great heats, or even after the first rains of autumn, and make excursions lasting from morning till dusk, more frequently with a guide than without one, taking your luncheon or dinner with you, and supping after your return to your inn.

* For these explorations, Michael Nou is recommended on good authority as a trustworthy guide, who knows well the plants of the Pyrenees and their habitats. The temperature alone prevented my asking his assistance.

The hours of table d'hôte meals are a great restraint upon explorers. A plentiful and heavy breakfast at half-past ten, and a similar dinner at half-past five, spoil both the morning and the afternoon. Indeed they completely destroy those natural divisions of a working day. But travellers who do not refuse to eat warmed-up things, or even cold meat, will have little difficulty in getting a passable meal served at whatever hour they please.

Nevertheless, we much regretted having done so little in the way of fern-hunting, although we ought to have known beforehand that the season would prevent our doing more. It is useless to knock one's self completely up, especially whilst the desire exists to enjoy life and health a little longer, and in the equally entire absence of any intention to make the present pleasure trip the last. But to appreciate the difficulties of summer climbing, it is necessary to see the country. In the Oriental Pyrenees, where it seldom rains, wherever irrigation is practicable, there is delightful verdure and great fertility. Where there is no watering by irrigation, sterility reigns, except on the terraces built on the hill slopes for the cultivation of the olive and the vine. The mountains, naked, arid, barren, stand baking in the pitiless sunshine, and glow as if they would burn the hand that touched them.

Now the Canigou is an enormous pyramid of mountains in the same unhappy condition; with no forests, only a few wretched fir-trees scattered on occasional spots; no shelter nor shade; a heap of rocks wasted away to obelisks and needles by the wear and tear of the elements during incalculable ages; the ruin of a mountain once perhaps twice as high as it is at present. The rare plants after which people hunt so greedily, grow in glens, ravines, crannies, crevices, where there is a square yard of shadow and a thread of water, and even where the former is wanting. It would astonish many horticulturists to see sundry plants, which they keep in the shade, here insolently defying the

sun. Add to this that the whole of Le Vernet is only a small bouquet of trees and grass lying at the bottom of a deep stone funnel; and that one of the walls of this funnel is the Canigou (2785 mètres, or 9137 feet high), and you will comprehend that, to scale this funnel, even partially, with only 80° or 85° of Fahrenheit, makes even practised climbers perspire a little.

In short, Vernet, during the height of summer, is a lovely prison, withal its shade, its verdure, and its living waters; but people who are not mountaineers bred, feel it to be a prison still. Certainly you can get out of it when you please, by retracing your steps along the way to Villefranche by which you came—for it is really only a *cul de sac*, a magnificent blind alley opened on the supposition that when once invalids have reached the thermal springs, they cannot by any possibility want to go further. There is a road into it, but there is no other road out of it, mule-paths not deserving that name, especially when you have to descend from your steed and lead him by the bridle over rugged places. To make excursions you must climb and scramble, whether on two feet or on four, and that over rocks that might well pass for monumental lumps of primeval baked clay, glowing with heat, unrelieved by forest, shade, or shelter, and under sunshine which makes you drip like an icicle breathed upon by a sou'-west wind.

The same evening, after dinner, we took a drive on the road to Olette, leading into the Cerdagne far enough to make us regret that the sun had put his veto on our going further. Man is assuredly a reasonable creature! We came for warmth, and now we complained that we had found it! Nevertheless, whilst reading, in incomplete attire, accounts of the chilly weather in the North, we could not suppress the ungrateful remark that the coolness there prevalent must be very agreeable.

At seven next morning we took our departure; again breakfasted at sunburnt Ille, protected from the flies by the fan-waving handmaid; there took rail for Perpignan; and

thence, after waiting an hour for the train, to Port Vendres. But we ought not to bid good-bye to Vernet-les-Bains without recording that the Etablissement Thermal des Commandants there, of which Monsieur de Lacvivier is the able and amiable director, offers either to the visitor or the sojourner all that can be reasonably required. Seven francs per head per day procure you a plentiful and well-cooked breakfast and dinner, including wine, and a comfortable bedroom *not* infested with gnats. This is a happy property of the site; because, as there are things which money cannot buy, so there are things which money cannot exclude, gnats being amongst the number; for mosquito curtains are an imperfect palliative of the evil and an aggravation of the heat. Grand apartments, or detached residences, at the Commandants, are luxuries to be agreed for by private contract.

Vernet was, in time if not by measured distance, the furthestmost point of our journeyings in the South; for if the map were to prove Port Vendres to be further, it may be reached and got away from by rail, which makes an enormous practical difference. In returning homewards we went to Port Vendres, partly to enjoy the Mediterranean in its air, its bathing, and its lovely aspect, and partly through the consoling knowledge that, by taking rail at Port Vendres for our definite departure, we should completely give the go-by to stifling Perpignan.

Port Vendres.—Yesterday, July 17, after our evening meal, we had a paddle in the boat on the open sea (calmer than many a mill-pond) with the Durand family, accompanied by their spaniel, Polka, and their monkey, Goree (inseparable friends; for the monkey tyrannically insists on the dog's companionship), together with some ladies just arrived from Perpignan and Toulouse—whose atmosphere they could bear no longer—to inhale a little breathable air. There was a cloudless blue Italian sky (remember our latitude here is nearly that of Rome), lighted up half by

the crescent moon, half by the lingering glow of sunset. The little town of Port Vendres was stretched out wide, as an irregular horse-shoe, at the foot of the bay, and was backed by a panorama of lofty mountains, the foremost of which are covered nearly to their very tops with vines, which have a soft green moss-like appearance when beheld from a distance. The lights of the little group of cafés twinkled—'so shines a good deed in a naughty world,' the beacons shot forth various coloured rays from signal points at various elevations. The grand leading features of the landscape were softly visible, while all meaner details were subdued or suppressed; the movement of the warm pure air could scarcely be felt upon the cheek; and the whole scene was at once photographed on our memories so strongly and pleasantly as not to be forgotten.

At five this morning, July 18, J. and I started in a boat for an early row in the Cove of Port Vendres and at its opening into the sea. The water is so beautifully clear and transparent that you can distinguish pebbles and seaweeds at surprising depths. We gazed down into submarine thickets and parterres, amongst which the ear-like or cornucopia-shaped *Padina pavonia* (whose northern limit seems to be the English Channel) was conspicuous; whilst the black-spined sea-urchins, so cruel to the tender toes of bathers, contrasted with the inoffensive bright-red sea anemones and the scarlet star-fish, which latter's brilliant tints throw our pale fellows at home quite into the background. Our boatman, Louis, speared first a small dorade, and then a good-sized cuttle-fish, whose angry contortions and quick sticking suckers made us anxious for him to keep his distance. We were astonished and uneasy at—'agility' is not the word to describe its movements—the rapidity with which it glided or *flew* about the boat, in any direction that promised escape, incessantly changing its shape, outline, and colour, like a mass of highly-animated, semi-liquid jelly,

reminding you of the *amœba* as seen under the microscope, only incomparably more active and aggressive in its ways. Its boneless, jointless arms, knotted together or separately, penetrated everywhere they would, and laid hold of everything they touched. By way of bravado, Louis let them clasp his naked arm; on tearing them off immediately afterwards, each sucker gave a crack, like that of a whip-lash. The sleepy specimens seen in aquariums give no idea of the infuriated beast.

Less ugly and vivacious, though equally strange, were the sea-cucumbers (at least a foot long and two or three inches in diameter) we fished up from the bottom. With their brown rough backs and ash-coloured bellies, after they have squirted out their water and begin their uncouth, helpless, slow contortions, they are just the things for a naughty little boy to put into his nursemaid's bed, to give her a fright without hurting her. More appropriately deposited in a bath of sea-water, it will show you, when it has got over its fright, its elegant diadem of feathery tentacles. I suppose it is this, of which Figuié says, 'One rather large species, the *Holothuria tubulosa* (in which, by-the-by, there lives a singular parasitic fish), is common in the Mediterranean. This species is eatable, and much relished at Naples.' But even with a good receipt for cooking it in hand, we should feel little inclination to test its merits. One thing, however, is certain, that sea-cucumber is a favourite dish along the Malayan and Chinese coasts. There, the *Holothuria edulis*, otherwise called *Trepang*, is sought with avidity and eaten with delight. In shallow seas, divers gather the sluggish animals slowly crawling at the bottom, with as little difficulty as you gather windfall apples in an orchard. And not only are sea-cucumbers eaten fresh, but to prepare and preserve them for transport to distant markets, the Malay and Chinese fishermen boil, flatten, dry, and smoke them, and then ship them by sackfuls to their destination.

We also found several of those pretty univalve shells, with a slug-like mollusc living beneath the shelter of each, which the world calls *Haliotis iris*, sea-ear, Venus's ear, and the people hereabouts, 'Le Sabot du Bon Dieu;' they also eat the contents of the sabot, stewed with oil and garlic. The shell is familiar on chimneypieces, sometimes in its natural state, with its inner surface only beautifully iridescent, and sometimes spoiled as a specimen, with its outer rough surface removed by acid, and polished. This shell, more variously coloured than mother-of-pearl, is largely used for inlaying, with bright effects. We propose taking our next row a little earlier (J. begging Louis to catch no more cuttle-fish), in order to see the sun rise from the sea. In the Mediterranean this is a sensation scene, beyond the grasp of any theatrical manager. As soon as the least little bit of the solar disc, not bigger than a star, appears above the horizon, it immediately begins to dazzle and warn you, without waiting for the whole disc to get fairly above water.

Towards the close of our stay at Port Vendres, the heat prevented our taking any walks or land excursions, even in a carriage, until just before sunset. In-doors, with the wooden shutters closed outside, in an artificial darkness visible, in shirt sleeves, sans cravat or waistcoat, we had full opportunity, when not too lazy, to improve our minds or bring up lagging correspondence. This was our frequent after-breakfast condition, until the sun turned round the corner of the house, when a slight opening of the shutters became possible, allowing us to peep through the chink at the glowing hills and the glittering bay, without permitting too much radiation to enter. Out-doors, all we could do was to be rowed or paddled about the port in a boat, take our sea-baths, or, seated on some rocky height, beneath an ample umbrella for want of other shade, enjoy a *dolce far niente*, a delightful do-nothingness, watch the flittings to and fro of the white-sailed sardine boats, read our journals, or relieve our memory by scribbling pencil

notes. As a proof that we were not the only persons who avoided unnecessary exposure to the glare of day, for the soldiers, the *retraite* was sounded at half-past nine in the morning. At the summons, they were expected to return to barracks, and go to sleep if they liked, until three in the afternoon; when many betook themselves forthwith to a sequestered little cove near the entrance of the Port, appropriated to their use by the inscription, 'Bains Militaires,' painted on a rock, to bathe and disport in the tepid waters, without the restraint of the full-dress costume which is rigorously enforced at the 'Etablissement.'

But at Port Vendres the temperature is comparatively cool. One day, people rushed by rail from Perpignan, simply to take a bath and rush back again to their affairs, complaining that, at their place of business, the thermometer marked 38° in the shade—only 100° of Fahrenheit. But Perpignan is probably the hottest town in France—quite as hot, they say, as Algiers in summer, and warmer in winter. When it rains there, the little boys and girls shout to one another to come and see; and snow is a still rarer phenomenon which greatly excites the popular attention.

Yesterday, July 27, we were panting here under a heavy, storm-laden atmosphere; and the worst of such threatening tempestuous spells is, that they rarely come to a head and burst in showers. Out of the water there was no bearing one's self. Many people bathed twice a-day—indeed, they had done so for some time past—remaining in the sea an hour and more each time. Happily, soon after midnight we were aroused by sharp cracking thunderclaps magnificently echoed by the hills. It rained all night, and again next day. Marvellous, delightful, beneficent change! The vintage will be almost doubled by it.

When it ceases we are to walk to a neighbouring vineyard in which are growing some caper plants, the straggling bush cultivated for its flower-buds, with which everybody

is acquainted in sauce and salads, as pickle, but which not everybody knows that, if not gathered for pickling, they would swell into very pretty silky-tasselled flowers, quite deserving promotion to the rank of a buttonhole or a bouquet flower. The foliage, too, is original and striking, spreading about in all directions in long, regular, opposite-leaved, bright-green branches. But it is a fanciful plant in all its ways, preferring a rock or wall from which to hang to the most inviting patch of level ground. You may see it, so growing wild, on the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome. We were anxious to know if there were any rooted layers or suckers in a fit state to carry off, at the same time fearing that, in any case, to be successful, we should have to transport a large root or stump. Neither project was feasible with plants in a state of vigorous growth. We were consoled by remembering that the caper bush, requiring, as it does, a degree of drought and heat unknown in English gardens and unusual in English greenhouses, does not readily lend itself to any mode of culture in the north. These caper bushes, covered with their jaunty blossoms, were another instance of grapes being sour. It is not a vulgar plant, nevertheless.

Another day, a country girl brought us a bouquet, and the bulbs, of a charming, sweet-scented, white-flowered liliaceous plant, which grows in burning sand on the shore of the Anse de Paulilles, a little creek about a couple of miles to the south of Port Vendres. Being deterred by the heat—there were heights to climb and descend from between it and us—from gathering it ourselves *in situ*, we made her bring more. We were not yet acclimatised to the broiling sunshine, and left without becoming so. We saw the flower again from our railway carriage unmistakably wild on some hot seaside sands skirting the line between Perpignan and Narbonne. A 'Horticulteur' tells me it is *Amaryllis blanda*, a native of the Cape, according to the books. If so, I ask myself how it comes to pass that a South African

flower should be growing wild at the Mediterranean terminus of the Pyrenees. Is it a repetition of the history of the Guernsey lily, which tradition affirms to have been introduced to that island from Japan or elsewhere, by a shipwreck? Perhaps the mystery may be dissolved by our plants turning out to be *Pancratium maritimum*, the Sea Daffodil, indigenous to the Mediterranean region.

Such impracticably hot weather—it is not sultry, but stinging, baking, sublimating—confines our interest chiefly to bathing incidents. If, according to Mr. Tyndall, heat be only a mode of motion, it is certainly adverse to locomotion. Our outdoor pursuits are nearly circumscribed by the ropes which mark the extent of our aquatic promenade. But, even in the water, the rose of existence is not without its thorns. I grazed my shin by trying a header in too shallow water; C., while dutifully urging the ladies to swim, to his disgust trod with his naked feet upon several fat sea-cucumbers; an urechin's spines penetrated Mdlle. M.'s fair skin; Mdlle. N. frisked into water only three inches too deep for her, and, after jumping and sputtering a minute, was politely handed to the shallows just in time, without herself or her mamma suspecting that she had had a narrow escape from drowning; Mdlle. O. and P. complain of an eruption, brought out by the pungent sea-water and sunshine, which, if on their face, would detract from their beauty. The natives, however, welcome this outbreak, maintaining that it draws off and gets rid of bad blood; as if pretty girls could have bad blood.

There are two styles of bathing at Port Vendres; the fancy-costume style, and the old-clothes style. The choice is left to your private taste; only a costume there must be. With that duly donned, you are at liberty to converse as freely (after previous acceptance as a travelling acquaintance) at and in the marine promenade, as at and in the hospitable hotel—but with all respect and decorum, be it strictly understood. There may be a little brotherly and

sisterly fun at the very most—no more. A favourite young lady's costume—high up to the neck, and more decent than many 'low tops' at balls—is something like that of Fra Diavolo; only the conical hat, of straw, is without a feather; naked arms and legs, with sandalled shoon which do not quite conceal a well-turned calf. Buttons in quantity are much the rage. While conversing with a lady on the platform previous to our entering the 'liquid element,' I suggested that, as the weight of the mother-of-pearl on her dress must be considerable, almost enough to sink her, she might do well to replace the buttons by rounds of cork stitched on instead, which would give more buoyancy, though they might be less becoming. She preferred, however, the circlelets of pearl, saying that, with them, she could *faire la planche, i. e.,* float stiff and straight on her back—a proof of the little inconvenience caused by the buttons, and also of the density of the Mediterranean waters. Amongst gentlemen's imaginations of a befitting attire to take to the sea in, there are capital copies of the particoloured clothing of English clowns, minus the paint and the nightcap, but crowned with a broad straw-hat, in various degrees of dilapidation—the one unchanging and invariable item.

The old-clothes style is founded on the principle that when things are not good enough to walk the streets in, they are quite good enough to walk the sea in. Molière's miser says to his domestic, 'If you serve me faithfully and well, I will give you this old coat—when I have worn it a little longer.' A penurious dame, here, might promise her maid, 'If you continue honest and true, I will give you this dress, after I have bathed in it a few more times.' Such bathers, male and female, when they retire to their cabins to un- and re-dress, look, with the exception of an inconsistent placidity of countenance, like unfortunate rescued from a watery grave.

A lady, young and good-looking, in mourning, retains the hue of

sorrow even in her bath. She has evidently cut short a pair of her husband's black pantaloons; the vest is some ruined, sable, female garment, whose scientific name escapes my memory; head-dress, an oilskin cap, surmounted by a battered and wisped straw bonnet. The pretty feet are thrust into worn-out black-cloth boots, left unbuttoned, to finish the graceful *negligée*. I feel inclined to ask, impertinently, why Madame does not also wear a holey pair of black-kid gloves, to swim in; but she is really so amiable that I cannot.

We will take a gentleman fellow-bather, from the top downwards. Smart straw hat (never wetted), with bright-blue ribbon; spectacles (Monsieur is young); blue blouse, not much the worse for wear; bright chestnut trousers; real grey linen boots, with black tips at the toes. The trousers prevent our ascertaining whether silk stockings are worn or not. So attired, Monsieur walks into the water, as he would walk down Fop's Alley at the Opera, proceeds to a horizontal bar, lays hold of it, leans back, shows the tips of his boots above the surface, and calls that bathing! I should like to send him, translated from 'Eothen,' Kinglake's description of the genuine and luxurious swim he revelled in, in the buoyant waters of the Dead Sea.

The thick straw hat is adopted as a sunscreen, and because few bathers wet their heads. I tried to supersede it with the king of Yvetot's crown, a cotton nightcap; but the innovation did not take; and, invariably wetting my head, I found no head-covering necessary. Bathers not having costumes of their own, are provided with them at the bath; but it is swimming in harness, a deprivation of the free contact with the pellucid liquid for which you came, and altogether a sad drawback to the healthful pleasure of free and easy bathing; I therefore occasionally stole a real bath in a cove, unfettered by etiquette.

Whether known as mosquitoes, *mouchérons*, or *cousins*, the gnats began to be irrepressibly annoying,

which surprised us, as there is little or no stagnant water in the neighbourhood, and the sea harbours none of their larvæ. Though not particularly numerous, they are terribly truculent and bloodthirsty. Half a dozen gnats in the south commit as much havoc as half a hundred in the north, converting your face and hands into the semblance of plum-pudding, and rejoicing your enemies with the belief that you have caught the small-pox. The local way of doing them battle is to enter your bedroom after dusk, *without* a light, and after driving out winged intruders by whisking a towel, to close the window and use a lighted candle to undress by, if needs be. When the candle is extinguished, you may reopen the window for air; the gnats won't come in, so they say; it is the light which attracts them and does the mischief.

An agreeable pastime, after dinner, was to sit on the temporary terrace of the *Hôtel Durand*, and watch the rising moon, when the moon kindly rose at a fitting hour. Sundry learned ways have been contrived of demonstrating the earth's revolution on her axis. I want no other proof than to behold a good moon-rise; seeing then becomes believing. By looking steadily at the shining disk, and regarding it as fixed (comparatively), I (and so may other people, if they try) can see the earth roll forward towards the moon—hills, waters, buildings, and all together. I thus see that the moon's rising is only an optical illusion; it is we who first advance to her, and then sink, as we spin along in our unceasing dance. The steadfastness of the rocks and the hills, the unruffled surface of the waters, is the consequence of all things spinning together. If this smooth, imperceptible revolution were stopped for only half an instant, what a splash, and a smash, and a crash there would be! To see the earth revolve, by keeping an eye on the moon, requires little more good will on the part of the observer than to catch the solidities of a stereoscope, or to make use of a camera-lucida for drawing.

But this is wandering from creature-comforts. What were our consolations of the flesh to-day? Only these: Breakfast—Radishes, sliced saucisson d'Arles, red mullet, sea crawfish, beefsteak, fried potatoes, sliced ham in purée of tomatoes, stewed beef with mushrooms, purple figs, greengages, biscuits, Roquefort cheese.

Dinner—Vermicelli and tomato soup, fried whiting, roast fowl, fried potatoes, roast lamb, sea crawfish, cos-lettuce salad, beignets de crème, or whipped cream fritters; peaches, greengages, fresh almonds, biscuits.

And all this, please remember, for five francs and a half per day, for board and lodging. As a tonic strongly recommended by the natives, we enriched our dessert with a bottle of tawny old *Rancio* (an extra), the beverage included in the dinner being excellent *vin ordinaire*, diluted with water from porous earthen vessels of classical shape, the dewy exudation from whose surface keeps the contents within deliciously cool, in consequence of the evaporation constantly going on. Out-door labourers employ the same means of refrigeration. They hang water in porous jars in a shady place, making them swing to and fro in the air, to cool more rapidly.

To sum up with our financial statement: For the grand total of, say, one hundred and thirty pounds sterling—or, more grandiloquently, three thousand two hundred and fifty francs—four persons travelled, denying themselves no reasonable comfort, during two calendar months, from one extremity of France to the other and back again. One only of the party, for economy's sake, occasionally travelled third-class, the others second-class. When first-class was obligatory, for speed, all went first-class. This bill of costs, however, moderate as it is, may be fairly taxed to a certain amount; for instance, it includes an aneroid barometer at Paris, and a thermometer graduated with both the Fahrenheit and the centigrade scales, besides other items which have no right to be debited to the real expenses of the journey. The

article 'carriages' might have been cut down by a more frequent use of omnibuses and diligences—but we got our money's worth in the ease and independence. A party of male friends might accomplish a further reduction by all travelling third-class, and by clearing long distances, when possible, in direct trains, instead of in express trains.

For this outlay we saw, besides the Oriental Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, the cities of Avignon, Montpellier (Perpignan does not count), Nîmes (Hôtel Manivet, good and not expensive), Lyons (where there is as great a choice and variety of hotels as in Paris), with a good look at Paris in going and coming. Lyons particularly deserves a visit.

Two days may be well employed there, thus: First, take one of the

little steamers called 'Mouches,' and go as far up and down the Saône as it will carry you; walk about the town; do your shopping (advantageous for wearing apparel); visit any factories to which you may have access; in the evening, go to the Grand Théâtre, if open. Second: Take a carriage, and drive to the junction of the Rhone and the Saône, thence to Notre Dame de Fourvières, where you have a wonderful view from a point called the Observatory—on clear days Mont Blanc and Mont Cenis are visible: thence, drive round the park, inspect the plant-house, and note the rich collection of agaves and their allies. Finally, the whole trip could not be probably performed so cheaply without tolerably fluent French.

E. S. D.

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEÓN III.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

CAN a future Emperor ever be a naughty boy? After he has become an Emperor, flatterers would say that he never was, never *could* be, naughty. We hope, however, if only to quiet our own recollections, that it may be possible for a naughty little boy to turn out a decent sort of man. And Louis Napoléon was surely a little like the former, when, making light of his first tutor, the Abbé Bertrand, he wickedly played truant and went bird's-nesting instead of learning his lessons. It was a sad example for the Prince Imperial, who luckily was neither born nor thought of; but in all probability the Prince Imperial never did anything so naughty as that. The naughtiness, however, was only a passing freak, and was succeeded by conscientious, untiring study.

Another childish eccentric act would have been rewarded by some parents with a whipping. One day he surprised the maternal mansion (for his father Louis, ex-king of Holland, had resided at Florence in

strict retirement ever since the battle of Waterloo) by returning to it barefoot, almost naked, shivering with cold, with his nose red and his fingers blue. He had met with a family in the extreme of want; and having nothing else to give them, he had made them a present of his clothes.

It was at the camp of Thun, Switzerland, and while going through the course of training there, that he heard the news of the Revolution of July, 1830. It was impossible for the exiles not to feel delighted at the downfall of the elder Bourbon branch, whose restoration to France had been based on *their* utter and apparently hopeless ruin. It has been said that their rejoicings were actuated by no selfish or interested feelings; that they regarded the re-adoption of the tri-colour flag, the glorious standard of the Emperor, as a pure act of justice to the national honour. It may be so; but if it was not, there was no harm in the Bonaparte family's entertaining a mo-

mentary hope that the government to be built on the events of July would open the gates of France to them. But they were very speedily undeceived. Louis Philippe knew a great deal better than to permit the arrival of so inconvenient a party of unwelcome visitors.

In the winter after the July Revolution, namely at the close of 1830, Louis Napoléon and his mother went to Rome. He was then two-and-twenty years of age. It was only a natural consequence that the uprising in France should produce disturbances in Italy. The leaven of dissatisfaction spread. Ideas of independence and unity fermented amongst the masses. The reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., was anything but popular; and we know that, even with a well-intentioned Pope, the Papal government is incurably bad. The revolutionists made advances to Louis Napoléon, who imprudently lent an ear to them. His youthful imagination was dazzled by the grandeur of the object, his youthful pride probably flattered by the appeal. He joined the conspiracy, whose ramifications spread over the whole peninsula of Italy. But, whether treacherously or inadvertently, the secret was blown; the government became aware of the plot; and one fine morning the Governor of Rome called on Cardinal Fesch (a connection of the Bonaparte family) to inform him that the Holy See would be gratified by Prince Louis absenting himself for a while; seeing that, in the present state of things, a young man bearing the name of Bonaparte, riding about with tri-coloured paraphernalia, attracted too much attention, and might cause the government serious inconveniences in case of disturbances breaking out.

The Cardinal, who was far from taking in good part what he considered uncalled-for advice, replied that his relative, having done nothing wrong, should remain in Rome as long as he pleased. The rejoinder to this reply soon arrived in the shape of a picket of fifty soldiers, who surrounded Hortense's

palazzo, with orders to conduct the young Prince to the frontier. Louis Napoléon therefore immediately started for Florence, to join his brother, who was staying there with their father, the ex-king of Holland.

A few days afterwards their mother sent them a letter containing the following sage remarks: 'Short-sighted people are incapable either of judgment or of forethought; it is wise to distrust their attempts at persuasion. Having nothing to lose, they are cautious in nothing. They are led away by their imagination. But the man who allows the first comer to influence his mind, who makes no use of his own proper judgment, will never rise above mediocrity. Now there are magic names capable of producing an enormous effect on impending events: in revolutions, they ought only to come forward for the restoration of order, and to give security to a nation by exercising the powers which are the prerogative of kings. Their part is to wait with patience. Italy can do nothing without France; she ought therefore to remain patiently quiet until France has settled her own affairs. Any imprudence would be injurious to both causes; for a rising without a successful result reduces the strength and the adherents of a party for a considerable time, and raises their opponents at their expense.'

Nothing could be wiser or less dictatorial than the maternal counsels thus conveyed. But Menotti, one of the leaders of the Italian movement, who went to see the young men at Florence, addressed them in language more flattering to their vanity. He conjured them by the glorious name they bore, to put themselves at the head of the movement, insisted on the obligations imposed on them by their birth, and dazzled their eyes by a picture of regenerated Italy. Yielding to persuasion, the young Bonapartes joined the conspiracy, which spread, like a net, over the whole of Italy.

Hortense became alarmed. Louis Napoléon wrote to her: 'Your affection will conceive the course we

have taken. We have contracted engagements which we cannot escape from fulfilling. Could we remain deaf to the voice of the sufferers who appealed to us? We bear a name which obliges.'

The extent to which the princes bound themselves to the cause of the Italian patriots, and the nature of the engagements so contracted, will probably never be exactly known. One side may diminish their importance and stringency, while the other side may greatly exaggerate them, implying vows of fraternity for life and unbounded obedience to revolutionary chiefs. It is probable that the Italian republicans, when once they had caught and compromised the Bonapartes, were not likely to let them go. And it has been suggested that the Orsini plot was partly intended as the punishment of some unfulfilled promise to the Italian cause. But assuredly, at the time, they were anything but lukewarm or indifferent adherents. The desperate expedition in which they took part cost the life of the elder brother, who died at Forlì of inflammation of the chest, and Louis Napoléon fell seriously ill at Ancona, whither Hortense speedily betook herself, to nurse her last surviving child. After a week's anxiety, he got well enough to be moved, if they could only discover a refuge to get to in safety. The occupation of Ancona by the Austrians compelled them to concealment even there. If caught, they were lost. And yet, by a singular chance, the general commanding at Ancona lodged in the same palazzo as Hortense and her son. Nothing but a thin partition separated the Prince's chamber from the apartment of the man who, at the slightest discovery, would hold their fate in his hands. The invalid was therefore compelled to observe the strictest silence, so much so that, when he coughed, she smothered the sound of his voice with her hand.

Their pursuers, however, were thrown off their track by a clever trick. By a pretended embarkation in a sailing vessel, she spread the

rumour that her son had escaped, and had gone to seek an asylum in Greece. She then sent a despatch to Florence, certain that the courier would be stopped by the Austrians, informing the ex-king that their son was out of danger, and safe in one of the Ionian Islands. A violent storm had luckily prevented the vessel from being taken, searched, and found *not* to contain the person wanted—which would have led to the discovery of their actual hiding-place. As it was, the Austrians were beating the bush in coverts where no game was hid.

After mortal anxiety, they left at last, on Easter Sunday, with an English passport, the young Marquis Zappi personating the deceased elder brother. In this measure there was considerable risk; for English travellers are everywhere to be met with, and the only one of the three fugitives who spoke English was Louis Napoléon. At Macerata a person recognized him, but held his tongue. At Tolentino, an Italian denounced them to the authorities; but the Austrian commandant generously closed his ears until the exiles had proceeded on their way. By these sort of stages, full of hairbreadth escapes, they traversed Italy, and resolved to seek safety in the lion's mouth, in France, which they had been forbidden to enter under pain of death. Hortense's avowed object was to spend merely a few days in Paris, to give her son time to re-establish his health, and then to return to their home in Switzerland. We may believe that, with this end, there was mingled, even if unconsciously, an undercurrent of interests, expected possibilities, and hopes. In any case it was a bold measure, very adroitly executed.

They alighted from their travelling-carriage at the Hôtel de Hollande, in the Rue de la Paix, a few paces from the Column in the Place Vendôme, which had been erected in honour of Napoléon's victories. It was a singular choice of residence to make; certainly appropriate to the personages; but perhaps imprudent, or perhaps intentional and

calculated, as the sequel of their sojourn leads one to suspect. It was an exciting moment for Louis Napoléon. He had been exiled from his country while quite a child; he was now returning to it by stealth, in full adult possession of his bodily and intellectual powers. The sight of that storied Column from his windows could not do otherwise than fan the flame of his ambition, even if it had ever been dormant or smouldering.

The French government knew nothing of their arrival. M. Sebastiani, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was so wonderfully well-informed of their movements, that on the very day of their reaching Paris, he said to Louis Philippe, 'Sire, I have very precise news of the Duchesse de Saint-Leu (the title allowed to the ex-queen of Holland); I am assured that she has landed in Corfu.'

Considerable, therefore, must have been their surprise when Hortense's *lectrice*, or lady reader, announced to M. d'Houdetot, the king's adjutant, that she had a communication to make to his Majesty on the part of the ex-queen. M. d'Houdetot was further astonished when, on presenting himself at the Hôtel de Hollande, he was received not by the lady reader but by the ex-queen herself.

The next day she was visited by Casimir Perier, the President of the Council, to whom she at once said plainly, 'Monsieur le Ministre, remember that I am a mother. I saw only one way of saving my son, namely, to bring him to France—and to France we have come. I am aware of the danger we incur. My life and my child's are in your hands; take them, if you think fit to do so.'

The President, in reply, graciously informed her that, if they would maintain a strict *incognito*, King Louis Philippe would allow them to remain a week in Paris, to give her son the time to regain his strength. A day or two afterwards she was conducted by M. d'Houdetot to the Tuileries, where she was received with great cordiality by the

king, the queen, and the Princess Adelaide. During the course of the conversation Louis Philippe asked Hortense what was her motive for going to England.

'I am going to England,' she replied, with feminine logic, 'because I have said I was going there, and because I don't know whether I can go anywhere else. But I do not wish to remain there long; and what I have to beg of you, sire, is the permission to traverse France on our return to Switzerland. I also much wish that we should reside there under the protection of our country's government. For, after all, we are French; and it is cruel that we should be abandoned without intermission to the vexatious persecution of other governments. My son, having taken part in the recent movement in Italy, cannot hope for protection except from France. For years past we have been completely at the mercy of foreigners.'

Louis Philippe promised all she desired, and even seemed disposed to grant more than was asked for; but circumstances that occurred either by ill-luck or design prevented the fulfilment of his good intentions. Although the *incognito* was strictly observed the ex-queen was doubtless recognized—to which she possibly had no strong objection—and the journals let out the secret of her presence. Then came the 5th of May, the anniversary of Napoléon's death—a singular date coinciding with a singular neighbourhood. Souvenirs of the Empire were not utterly extinguished.

'Even in their ashes live their wonted fires.'

That day the base of the Colonne Vendôme was covered with flowers. Shouts in honour of the great conqueror made the ears of the nephew tingle, ill as he was and confined to his bed. No matter who instigated those demonstrations, they could not fail to cause the Government uneasiness. We cannot call it a harsh or an uncalled-for measure, if Casimir Perier, in obedience to Louis Philippe's orders, went in all haste to

beg the Duchesse de Saint-Leu to quit Paris without delay. No choice was left them but to obey. Young Troublesome was best sent out of the way. The prince, still suffering from fever, was lifted into the carriage, and they started for England, where he remained a few months, which were not spent unprofitably.

Looking back, and knowing the adventures which followed, we are inclined to regard this sudden dip into Paris as Louis Napoléon's first attempt to feel the pulse of the people of France. For so far-looking a young man, it must have been an encouragement to discover that the Napoléonist party, though sorely wounded and crushed, had still a pulse, instead of being a cold and lifeless body. This singular visit, we cannot help suspecting, might suggest the enterprises successively undertaken at Strasburg and Boulogne, and which, no doubt, complete as their failure appeared to be, led the way to, and prepared men's minds for, eventual success under a more favourable combination of events.

Of her residence in London, Hortense wrote: 'Every day I went out with my son. Unattended, and on foot, we walked as long and as far as our feeble health allowed us. The admirable foot-pavements, the magnificent lighting, and the well-kept gardens of this enormous city, display a luxury which is the property of all. Neither palaces nor monumental public buildings are to be seen; everything suggests the existence of easy circumstances and equality.

'I sometimes went into a shop to rest; if recognized, I found myself more the object of interest than of curiosity. Frequently a simple artisan shook my son's hand, saying, "We are now your friends." Another refused remuneration for a service rendered, glad to have been useful to the nephew of a great man.'

Louis Napoléon and his mother had scarcely returned to the Château d'Arenenberg, when he was solicited to put himself at the head

of the Polish insurrection, with the offer of the crown as the reward of his services. We briefly mention this incident, because he was sufficiently wide-awake to decline the offer with best thanks. Fighting single-handed with Prussia, Austria, and Russia was a different speculation to fighting a political party backed by the adversaries of that party and supported by years of brilliant history, which dazzled the nation's eyes if it did not fill their pockets nor satisfy their stomachs. He refused the honour with the skilful remark, 'I belong, above all, to France.' About that time he wrote to Louis Philippe, begging to be employed in his country's service, and to be restored to his rights as a French citizen, of which the law of exile had deprived his family. Our readers will scarcely be astonished to learn that the king's reply never came to hand.

To occupy his compulsory leisure Louis Napoléon wrote his first three essays: 'Political Reveries, concluding with the Project of a Constitution'; 'Two Words to M. de Chateaubriand on the Duchesse de Berri'; and 'Political and Military Remarks on Switzerland.' The Helvetic Government conferred on him the title of Honorary Citizen of Switzerland, which does not imply naturalization, and consequently did not render him the less a French citizen. This honour had already been conferred on two illustrious foreigners; namely, on Marshal Ney, after the Act of Mediation, and on Prince Metternich in 1815.

A biographical sketch, however slight, loses in clearness if dates are altogether omitted. We therefore mention that this period of our story, 1832, was marked by the death of the King of Rome, Napoléon I's only child by Marie Louise, thereby raising to the position of the Emperor's heirs his elder brother Joseph, and after him Louis, ex-king of Holland, and consequently his son, now Napoléon III. It was natural that the possible contingencies thereby entailed should

cause Louis Napoléon to be regarded with more attention than had hitherto fallen to his lot. Louis Philippe took the trouble to set spies upon him; while the leaders of democracy in France tried to discover his secret hopes, opinions, and political views. It is no flattery to say that he met all this with a discretion almost beyond his age.

A description of the exile's residence, given by Chateaubriand in his '*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*,' cannot fail to interest the reader:

'On the 19th of August I went to dine at Arenenberg, which is situated on a sort of promontory projecting from a chain of steep and rugged hills. The Queen of Holland, who was made by the sword, and whom the sword has unmade, built the château, or, if you will, the pavilion of Arenenberg. The view from it, extensive, but far from cheerful, commands the Lower Lake of Constance, which is nothing but an expansion of the Rhine over inundated meadows. Along the other side of the lake stretch sombre woods, the remains of the Black Forest. A few white birds flutter in the cloudy sky, driven along by cutting winds. There, after being seated on a throne, after being outrageously calumniated, Queen Hortense has taken up her station on a rock.

'Beneath, lies the Island of the Lake, in which the statue of Charles-le-Gros is said to have been found, and where at present some canary-birds are dying a lingering death, for want of the sunshine of their native home. Madame la Duchesse de Saint-Leu was better lodged in Rome. She has not, however, gone down in the world in respect to her birth and her early life; on the contrary, she has risen. Her abasement is only referable to an accident of fortune. It is not a fall like that of Madame la Dauphine (the Duchesse de Berri), who fell from the height of centuries.

'After dinner, Madame de Saint-Leu sat down to the piano with M. Cotrau, a tall young painter with moustaches [not so fashionable then

as now], straw hat, blouse, turn-down collar, and altogether eccentric in his costume. He laughed, shot, and painted there, in rather an uproarious but clever style.

'Prince Louis occupies a detached pavilion, where I saw arms, topographical and strategical maps—objects which made me, as if by chance, think of the conqueror without his name being mentioned. Prince Louis is a studious, well-informed young man, full of honour, and naturally serious.'

In 1835, when the triumph of constitutional principles placed Dona Maria on the throne of Portugal, her friends had thoughts of proposing Louis Napoléon for her acceptance as a husband. He respectfully but decidedly declined, giving his reasons in a sort of public manifesto.

'Several journals have credited the news of my departure for Portugal, as a suitor for the hand of Dona Maria. However flattering to myself may be the supposition of a union with a young, beautiful, and virtuous queen, the widow of a cousin who is dear to me, my duty is to refute such a rumour, since no part of my conduct has given any foundation for it.

'Persuaded that the great name I bear will not always be a warrant of exclusion in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen, since it reminds them of fifteen years of glory, I calmly wait, in a free and hospitable land, until the people shall recall those who, in 1815, were exiled by twelve hundred thousand foreigners.'

In fact, neither the mother nor the son for a moment doubted their restoration to fortune. They were even buoyed up in their hopes by no trifling amount of superstition or fatalism. One day, at Arenenberg, the conversation turned on somnambulism, clairvoyance, and other like means of divining the future, in which some people believe, and some do not. As a professed animal-magnetiser, one Dr. Bailly was present, Hortense was curious to see the curtain lifted which usually conceals all coming events.

The doctor chose for his medium a negress in the illustrious lady's service named Malvina. He magnetised her, sent her to sleep, and then put her in communication with the ex-queen, who asked the somnambulist whether she saw her son—that day on duty at the Camp of Thun.

'I see him,' replied Malvina, 'surrounded with soldiers. They are crowding about him, shouting, and brandishing their sabres in token of enthusiasm.'

'In Switzerland?'

'No; not in Switzerland; but the people speak German.'

'What do you see besides?'

'Mon Dieu! It is all over. They have taken him prisoner!'

'And where do they lead him?'

'To America.'

'Shall I follow him there?'

'No; you will be prevented by illness.'

'And then? After that? Do you see nothing more?'

'Oh, yes! What do I see! Mon Dieu!' exclaimed the somnambulist, as if dazzled by a sudden burst of splendour. 'Behold him all powerful, the sovereign of a great people!'

'Of what people?' eagerly asked Hortense, struck with surprise, and almost mad with joy. 'Of what people? The people of France, is it not?'

'Yes, really, of France!' replied Malvina, in answer to this very leading question.

We do not discuss the authenticity of these predictions, but merely elucidate them by the note that two months after Malvina's fit of clairvoyance, Louis Napoléon went to Strasburg, where he was caught, and transported to America, unaccompanied by his mother, who was seriously indisposed.

This expedition, which was considered Quixotic at the time, and can hardly be looked upon otherwise even now, was determined upon in principle at the beginning of 1836, in conversations which took place at Baden, between the Prince, Colonel Vaudrey, and M. de Persigny. They believed the dis-

content in France to be so general and deep-rooted as to warrant an attempt to upset the government, and to show the nation that the representative of another dynasty, and of different principles, was ready to take its place. If unsuccessful, the attempt would at least be an advertisement of the pretensions and readiness of the Bonaparte family. Certainly, the advertisement might be costly; its expense might include a life, perhaps several lives. But we cannot help thinking that its authors and executors counted much on Louis Philippe's forbearance and clemency, perhaps something on his contempt for such would-be rivals.

When the enterprise was fully decided, Louis Napoléon returned to the Château d'Arenenberg, and there carefully and calmly drew up the documents and proclamations for the decisive day. As our readers will hardly care to see them, we do not take the trouble to translate even extracts. With the exception of M. de Persigny, Colonel Vaudrey, and the Commandant Parquin, almost all the men who had promised Louis Napoléon their assistance were obscure, young, and inexperienced. Very few had any acquaintance with politics. Several generals who had served under the Emperor had been invited by the young pretender to Baden, but not one of them appeared at the rendezvous. They possibly remembered the fate of Marshal Ney.

Louis Napoléon left Arenenberg on the 25th of October, 1836. He was then eight-and-twenty years of age. Completely ignorant of her son's destination, yet doubtless suspecting, or feeling a presentiment of some important step, Queen Hortense, when he took his leave, slipped on his finger the wedding-ring of Napoléon I. and the Empress Josephine. 'Should any danger threaten,' she said, 'look on this as a talisman.'

He arrived at Strasburg at about eleven o'clock at night of the 28th, and held a consultation with Colonel Vaudrey. It was agreed that the conspirators should meet in a house

in the Rue des Orphelins (close to the barracks of Austerlitz, in which the 4th Regiment of Artillery was quartered), during the night of the 29th. We omit the speeches made to pass the time until six in the morning, the moment of action. The clock struck. 'Never,' said Louis Napoléon, afterwards, 'did the sound of a bell make my heart beat so violently. An instant afterwards the trumpet of the Austerlitz quarters increased the rapidity of its throbbings.'

The brave little band sallied forth, very much, we now think, like boys playing at soldiers, the prince in the uniform of an artillery officer, M. Parquin in that of a general of brigade, and M. de Querelles costumed as a chef de bataillon. They soon entered the barrack yard, where Colonel Vaudrey had drawn up his soldiers in battle array. At the prince's entrance, the colonel drew his sword and cried:

'Soldiers of the 4th Artillery, a great revolution is being accomplished at this moment. You see here before you the nephew of the Emperor Napoléon. He has come to reconquer the rights of the people. The people and the army may count upon him. Round him ought to rally all who love the glory and the liberty of France. Soldiers, you will feel as thoroughly as your chief the grandeur of the enterprise you are about to attempt, the holiness of the cause you are about to defend. Soldiers! Can the Emperor's nephew reckon upon you?'

'Vive Napoléon! Vive l'Empereur!' shouted the whole regiment.

'Resolved to conquer or to die,' said the prince, 'for the cause of the French people, I chose to present myself first to you, because between you and me there exist grand souvenirs. In your regiment the Emperor, my uncle, served as captain . . . yours be the glory of commencing a grand enterprise, yours the honour of first saluting the eagle of Wagram and Austerlitz.' Then taking from M. de Querelles the eagle he carried, 'Behold the symbol of French glory,' he continued, 'destined also to become the

emblem of liberty. For fifteen years it has led our fathers to victory; it has glittered on every field of battle; it has traversed all the capitals of Europe. Soldiers, will you not rally round this noble standard, which I confide to your honour and your courage? Will you not march with me against the traitors and oppressors of our country to the cry of *Vive la France! Vive la Liberté?*'

'Yes! yes!' enthusiastically shouted the men.

Everything was going on smoothly. One colleague was sent to print the proclamations, another to gain the bridge-keepers with whom he had an understanding, another to seize the camp-marshal and the commandant of the 3rd Artillery, another to arrest the prefect of the department, M. Chopin d'Arnouville. They issued from the barracks with the band playing, and proceeded straight to General Voiron, whose attachment to the empire was notorious. On the way there Louis Napoléon was several times saluted by the acclamations of the people. A post of gendarmes shouted 'Vive l'Empereur!'

'General,' said the prince on presenting himself, 'I come to you as a friend. I should be grieved to raise our old tricolor flag without a brave militaire like you. The garrison supports my cause. Make up your mind and follow me.'

'Prince,' replied the general, 'you have been deceived. The army knows its duty, and I will prove it to you in an instant.'

'The garrison no longer obeys your orders,' interrupted Colonel Vaudrey. 'You are our prisoner.'

Leaving M. Parquin with a picket of artillery to take care of the general, Louis Napoléon next betook himself, through fresh demonstrations of popular favour, to the Finckmatt barracks, occupied by the 46th regiment of infantry of the line. Two roads lead to it, one passing by the ramparts, very wide, the other so narrow that only four men can walk in it abreast. It had been agreed that they should reach the barracks by the first of these two roads, so that the prince would

make his appearance on the ramparts in front of the barracks at the head of a complete regiment ranged under his standard; but by an unlucky fatality the head of the column took the wrong direction and entered the narrow lane. The process of defiling thus became, if not exactly passing a camel through the eye of a needle, at least draining a lake through a one-inch pipe. The result was that the prince, instead of being backed by a whole regiment, entered the barrack-yard with an escort of four hundred men, at the very most. *Perhaps*, good-natured critics suggest, it was this mistake which caused the enterprise to fail.

The soldiers of the 46th, who were busy in their wards with their morning occupations, were completely taken by surprise when they saw the artillerymen rush into the barracks shouting 'Vive l'Empereur;' but they very soon fraternised with them. The prince addressed them in a short speech, and then they shouted 'Vive l'Empereur!'

It is remarkable that this rash attempt to obtain possession of Strasburg, and through the possession of Strasburg to gain the rest of France, should have been instantaneously foiled, not by its own desperate imprudence, but by a stupid mistake if not a gross lie. When Lieutenant Pleignier, who lodged in the barracks, heard the noise, he ran to see what was the matter. At the first glance he had taken his decision.

'They are deceiving you,' he shouted to the soldiers. 'This is not the Emperor's nephew, but an adventurer trying to make fools of you and get you into trouble.'

'Certainly it is not the Emperor's nephew,' cried Colonel Taillandier, who arrived at that moment, 'but it is Colonel Vaudrey's nephew.'

'To be sure it is, I know him well,' said a captain on the staff who accompanied him.

Confusion became worse confounded; swords were drawn, bayonets glittered. The artillerymen still remaining in the narrow street pressed towards the barracks to join their comrades inside; but Colonel

Taillandier closed the gates and made the drums beat the attack. The infantry soldiers shouted threats of death. The assailants were completely caught in a trap. The few artillerymen who had been able to enter the barrack-yard put the prince in the middle of their little party, but retreat was impossible. Louis Napoléon was made prisoner and conducted to the guard-house, where M. Parquin was already shut up.

'Prince,' said the old soldier, 'we shall be shot, but we will die well.'

'Yes,' replied Louis Napoléon, 'we have failed in a worthy and noble cause.'

After a week's imprisonment the prince was taken in a post-chaise to Paris, which he reached at two in the morning of the 11th of November, stopping at the Préfecture de Police. M. Delessert, then Prefect of Police, told him that he was to be conducted to Lorient, a seaport town on the coast of Brittany, to be thence transported to the United States on board a French frigate. Louis Napoléon vehemently protested against this course, declaring that he preferred to be tried by the justice of his country; and complaining that, by treating him in this way, the authorities prevented him explaining frankly to France his motives of action and his political views. He added that his presence was indispensable at the trial of his friends; that his testimony alone could enlighten the jury, and if not fully justify his companions, at least show that they were not so much in the wrong as would otherwise appear.

M. Delessert simply observed that they were treating him as they had treated the Duchesse de Berri.

Louis Napoléon replied that they had done as they pleased with the Duchesse de Berri, and it was no business of his; but that for his part he refused the false generosity which they were endeavouring to force upon him; that justice was made for all the world, for princes as well as for other citizens; that of two things they must abide by one, either he was innocent or guilty.

If guilty, it was the jury's duty to convict him; if innocent to acquit him.

All this was talking to the winds. The government had made up their minds. Louis Philippe was perfectly aware that Louis Napoléon would use the prisoners' seat as a tribune or a hustings from which he would address the whole of France; and that was not exactly what he wanted. The apparently mild course was taken not to oblige the prince, but for his own convenience. It was the only way of stopping Louis Napoléon's mouth; the *exilé* could say little or nothing, the *accusé* might say a good deal. Louis Philippe's house had too much glass in it to provoke any unnecessary throwing of stones. His Latin taught him *Quia ne movere*; in England he had learnt not to kick up a dust. So expediency was substituted for law. Once again it was thought the best plan to send young Troublesome out of the way, without any fuss. After a two hours' stay in Paris he was taken to Lorient under a good escort, and thence to New York in the frigate *Andromède*.

It certainly was, on Louis Philippe's part, a clever stroke to get him out of the way, because, some time after his departure, his friends and accomplices who remained in prison at Strasburg were tried and acquitted by the jury, thereby implying their approbation of the attempt of the 30th of October, 1836. It has been stated that Louis Philippe's throne was more severely shaken by this verdict than it had been by the insurrections of June, 1832, and April, 1834. But what would have been the political consequences had Louis Napoléon, instead of being transported, been tried and acquitted by the Strasburg jury? His forced absence spared the reigning monarch a deep humiliation at the very least.

A word must be added respecting this transportation, as Louis Napoléon's honour has been called in question. The July government, alarmed at the Strasburg verdict, and fearing his speedy return to

Europe, spread the report that he had solicited, or at least freely accepted, the unusual measure of clemency applied to him, and that he had given his parole not to leave America within ten years. They hoped by this move to keep him there, because a return, effected by breaking his parole, would be a stain in the eyes of every man of honour.

The truth appears to be that they did really apply to Queen Hortense to obtain from her son the promise to remain ten years in exile on his parole; but she replied that she could not influence the determination of a young man who was fully master of his own actions. The matter went no further than that, and the subject was never mentioned to the prince, who, as we have stated, had protested against his compulsory voyage, and only asked to be put upon his trial. When M. Capéfigue, in his 'Histoire de l'Europe,' repeated the accusation, Louis Napoléon wrote to him from London (10th November, 1846) a letter, from which it will suffice to translate a very few sentences.

'You believe that when, in 1836, I was expelled from France, in spite of all my protests, I gave my parole to remain in perpetual exile in America, and that that parole was broken by my return to Europe. I here repeat the formal denial which I have often given to this false allegation.

'In 1836 the French government did not even attempt to obtain any security from me, because it well knew that I greatly preferred a formal trial to being set at liberty. It therefore exacted nothing from me because it was not in a condition to do so; and I promised nothing because I asked for nothing.

'In 1840, you will have the goodness to remember, M. Franch-Carré, filling the office of Procureur General to the Court of Peers, was compelled to declare that I was set at liberty *without conditions*.'

Historians may discuss, although they will have a difficulty in determining, the exact degree of strength

or weakness of the July dynasty at that time—how far the 'pear,'* which constituted its head, was ripe and ready for a fall; but the Strasburg attempt had one important

* The reader may remember that the caricaturists of the day persistently represented Louis Philippe's head under the semblance of a pear. It is hard now to understand how so poor a joke can have caused such pain and excited such bitterness.

result—it made Louis Napoléon known to France. After the death of the Duc de Reichstadt, Napoléon I.'s own son, few besides professed politicians knew that the Emperor had left any other heir. Strasburg proclaimed it to the world. Everybody was then made aware that a legitimate pretender to the imperial succession had staked his life on an effort to regain it.



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